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See page i. of
Supplement.

No. 542.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 8, 1900.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE HOTEL CLERK

AND

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

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Available from 5 p.m., Friday, Nov. 30th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, Dec. 8th, 1900. For full particulars see page 344.

No. 542]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 8, 1900

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

FRIEND: "I suppose the baby is fond of you?"
Papa: "Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays awake at night just to enjoy my society!"

PETER: "You never know who are your friends till you are in need."
Bauldy: "And even then you only discover who are not your friends."

LANDLORD: "Can you let me have your rent, Mrs. Murphy? It is now much overdue."
Mrs. Murphy: "Oh, the rent! Have yez change for a £5 note?"
Landlord: "Certainly."
Mrs. Murphy (calling to her husband upstairs): "Pat, come down, quick, there's a man here with £5 on him."

NICE LITTLE HINT FROM THE BARBER.

A SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING individual entered a barber's shop, and while being shaved casually remarked:
"I suppose a good many of your customers forget to pay?"
"No, sir," the barber replied. "There was a time when I used to give credit, but I never do now. In fact, nobody asks for it any more."
"How's that?"
"Well, you see," said the barber, trying the edge of his razor on his thumb nail, "whenever I shaved a gentleman who asked me to mark it up I put a nick in his nose with my razor and kept tally that way. They very soon didn't want to run up bills."
There was a tremor in the customer's voice as he asked beneath the lather:
"Do you object to being paid in advance?"

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A NEWSPAPER.

A COUNTRY without a newspaper is in these days a curiosity indeed.
Andorra is believed to be the only civilised State in the world in which not a single newspaper is published.
Andorra is a little republic—about thirty-six miles long by thirty broad—situated on the south side of the Pyrenees, next the Spanish province of Linda and the French department of Ariège.
It is nominally under the protection of France, but its fourteen thousand inhabitants speak the Spanish language.
Here, then, is an opportunity for an enterprising journalist.
He need not be afraid of duels, for, though firearms are plentiful enough, it is said there is not a single inhabitant who could hit a cow at a hundred yards.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"I SAY, Gaddersby," said Mr. Smith, as he came into the fishmonger's with a lot of tackle in his hand, "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Put them up to look as if they've been caught to-day, will you?"
"Certainly, sir," said the fishmonger. "How many?"
"Oh, you'd better give me three or four barbel. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."
"Yes, sir. But you'd better take salmon, hadn't you?"
"Why? What makes you think so?"
"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down here early this afternoon and said if you dropped in with your fishing tackle and a generally woe-begone look, to have you take salmon if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."
Mr. Smith took salmon.
[All rights reserved.]

THE MARRIED MAN.

SWIFT as the light the Married Man
Runs for the 'bus with leaping tread,
But from the door a wifely voice
Pursues him, "Don't forget the bread!"
He halts to nod, then turns to go,
The hurried, careless married man,
When shrill the maid accosteth him,
"Oh, stay, you haven't got the can!"
Once more he nods in fretful style,
His 'bus is gone, but what of that?
It gives his sister time to say,
"Dear brother, won't you bring my hat?"
"Oh, yes!" he shouts, and truth to tell,
He hath no need so loud to hawl,
But louder yet his son doth yell,
"Bring circus tickets for us all!"
Another 'bus! From window high
His daughter stops him with a call—
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
Some sweets, a belt, a parasol—
He hears no more; far down the street
The 'bus doth bear him far and nigh;
And all day long, in measures fleet,
He softly sings, "Sweet buy and buy."
But when the evening respite brings,
And the long day's sore toil is done,
Though told to buy a hundred things—
He hasn't thought of buying one.

A PRETTY IDEA.

HOW YOU CAN MAKE SICK CHILDREN HAPPY.

THERE are lying in the infirmaries a large number of poor little sick children, to the majority of whom the coming Christmas will be a very dull affair indeed.
Of course, the circumstances are different in the hospitals. Nearly all the children there are remembered either by their parents or friends, or by the various philanthropic societies; but the poor little in-firm child is, comparatively speaking, forgotten.
In order to cast a ray of sunshine over the lives of these tiny ones, we invite each of the readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY to send us a Christmas card of a suitable nature.
A PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS will be given to the person from whom we receive what we consider to be the most appropriate one. A GUINEA to the next, and HALF-A-GUINEA to the next.
The closing date is Tuesday, December 18th, and the whole of the cards received will be distributed amongst the children at the various infirmaries, until the supply gives out. Mark your envelopes "Infirmaries."

"Miss ANTEEK seems very much interested in that homely old musician."
"Yes. She heard that he made overtures quite frequently."

"I SHOULD think bicycle riding would contract the chest," said Dawson.
"It does," said Smithers, "but see what fine, full, rounded shoulders you get."

CLIENT: "That little house you sent me to see is in a most scandalous condition. It is so damp that moss positively grows on the walls."
House Agent: "Well, isn't moss good enough for you? What do you expect at the rent—orchids?"

THE crowd was transfixed.
"And now," announced the lecturer, "this wonderful woman will close her thrilling entertainment by entering a den of mice who haven't tasted food for a week, feed them with raw meat, and make them do tricks."
Not one of the multitude could move, and not an eye was taken from the intrepid performer until the heart-sickening spectacle was at an end.

CUSTOMER (in a rage): "When I buttoned your coat for the first time it split down the back."
Clothing Dealer: "Indeed! The buttons must have been sewn on too strongly."

"I CAUGHT sight of a burglar under my bed in the hotel the other night."
"Dear me! What did you do? Pull him out?"
"No, I sent for the chambermaid, and had her sweep the room. The poor fellow died of suffocation."

SMITH: "Who is that distinguished-looking man across the street?"
Jones: "That is Professor Tapham, the eminent bacteriologist."
Smith: "Is he an Englishman?"
Jones: "No, he's a germ-man."

A RISKY BUSINESS.

MRS. SHARPTONGUE: "D'ye mean to say you've been married ten years, an' never 'ad a quarrel with y'r husband?"
Fair Stranger: "That is true, madam."
"And ye always let him have the last word?"
"Yes, madam; I wouldn't for the world do anything to lessen my husband's love for me. He might get careless."
"Careless?"
"Yes; we are jugglers by profession, and at two performances a day I stand against a board while he throws the knives."

WORTHY OF THE NAME.

A YOUNG American lady who has not long been married was invited to the first State ball, her mother-in-law being invited to the second.
As the date of the first ball drew near, the younger lady was so far from well that the elder Mrs. Smithson called upon the Lord Chamberlain to ask if the invitations might be reversed, so that the younger Mrs. Smithson might have a better chance of recovery.
"Quite impossible," said the stern official, and with a smile: "I hardly believe your daughter-in-law is an American at all; any American worthy of the name would get off her death-bed to dance at Buckingham Palace."

HIS MISTAKE.

"TALKING about whistling," said the young man who was spinning a yarn in the smoke room, "reminds me of a curious incident that happened to me in a hotel once.
"It was a country town hotel, and I went to my room early to escape the dullness of my office and to write letters to the house. There was gas in the room, but after searching I could not discover any matches, and there was no bell to ring for them. I decided to waylay some attendant in the hall, and sat down to my writing.
"But no sooner was everything still than I heard someone whistling in the next room. First it was a snatch from an opera, then a tender and musical rendition of 'Annie Laurie.' I could not write a line for the witchery of the whistled numbers.
"When he stopped whistling I resumed my pen and wrote my letters. Then I thought of the matches, and rapped on my neighbour's door.
"I say, young fellow, oblige me with a match, will you?"
"There was no response, but I could hear a movement and a kind of chuckle. I became interested and rapped again.
"I say, there, don't be a dog in the manger. Anybody who can whistle as sweetly as you ought to be obliging."
"With that the door opened, and there stood before me a demure but very pretty young woman, who handed me a solitary match and shut the door and looked it so quickly that I could not even say 'thank you,' even if I had not been stricken dumb with surprise."

Now the election is o'er, and you've given your votes.
And captured a few of those ten-pound notes.—Eh? What's that?

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

THE HEAT-RAY.

By J. L. HORNIBROOK.

THE scientist was the silent man of the party. His name was Quinton, I remember—Leopold Quinton, if I am not mistaken—a staid young man in spectacles and a squash hat, who seemed to have chalked out for himself a certain line through life, and never diverged a hair's-breadth from it.

We were on a holiday trip in Switzerland, some five of us, all young fellows who had been drawn together for the occasion, and who were destined to scatter and lose sight of each other again on our return to England.

I cannot say that we had much in common, taking us as a whole. Individually, we differed as widely as it was possible for young men to do. In some respects, indeed, it was a case of extremes meeting; for instance, the noisy Charteris—or "Chatter-is," as somebody dubbed him—on the one hand, and the precise, uncommunicative Quinton on the other.

Still, we held together fairly well, considering all things. There was no split, or likelihood of a split—at least, so long as no disturbing element found its way into our little circle.

At Lucerne we fell in with a very pleasant English family—a Mrs. Roupell and her two daughters, Mabel and Claire, with whom we joined forces for the time being.

Mabel was a quiet, agreeable, sensible girl; Claire a vivacious young lady, not yet out of her teens, and inclined to be a wee bit wilful, I rather imagine. She was pretty, too—uncommonly pretty, if it comes to that—and very soon had a strong following amongst us. Some of our fellows, indeed, were buzzing around her from morning till night.

Charteris, who was well in the running, succeeded in elbowing all other competitors out of the way, and fairly monopolised the pretty Claire. Under his tuition she became an adept at hill-climbing, and thought nothing of tackling the steepest of the Alpine monsters in company with him and the rest.

For myself, I am not ashamed to say that I stuck consistently to level ground. So far, I had not developed that incipient mania which has for its sole aim and object the jeopardising of one's neck in scaling precipices, crossing slippery glaciers, panting and puffing up to an almost inaccessible point called the summit; and then, when you have done the ordinary amount of looking round, straight-way clambering down again.

Besides, I found Mabel very much of my way of thinking, and delightful company into the bargain. We lounged about comfortably on the little lake steamers, while the rest of the party, including Claire, did the panting and puffing. Quinton, who was strong on geology and all kindred subjects, always attached himself to the mountaineers.

One day, when Mabel and I were walking back to the hotel from the landing-stage, she surprised me rather by abruptly turning the conversation on to the scientist.

"There is one of your party, Mr. Halawell, who interests me very much," she said.

"Indeed!" I returned, with the secret hope that it might prove to be myself. "And who is the favoured mortal?"

"Mr. Quinton," she answered.

"You have been studying our friend Quinton, then?" I said, devoutly wishing I had been a little more stand-offish myself, so as to have aroused her interest in an equal degree.

"I have," she replied.

"Any startling discoveries yet?"

"Well, in the first place, Mr. Quinton has conceived a deep-rooted attachment for my sister Claire," she returned.

"What?" I cried, stopping short in amazement.

"It is true, nevertheless," she said.

"But I was rather of opinion that my friend Charteris found most favour in that quarter," I observed.

"Y—es," she replied in a thoughtful manner. "That is certainly the case."

"And Quinton appears to be quite left out in the cold?"

"He has managed to cloak his secret very well. I do not imagine that Claire has the least suspicion of it as yet. But it is bound to come out, sooner or later; and the chances are that in a case of this kind it will come like a bomb-shell."

She said no more; but in spite of the improbability of the thing, I couldn't help thinking that she might possibly be right, and that more would come of it. I determined to follow her example and keep an eye on the scientist, hoping that I might be equally fortunate in surprising his secret, if there really was one.

That very evening I commenced my process of observation, but with most disappointing results. Either I was extremely dense, or Mabel was labouring under a totally false impression, one of the two. Though I watched Quinton narrowly I could detect no change in him, nothing to show that his pulses quickened in the slightest degree as he approached the pretty Claire. He was a positive dead wall to my scrutiny. I was completely—utterly at fault.

Miss Claire, I must explain, had a favourite hobby, to which she devoted a good deal of her time. Every rare flower or plant which she came across in her excursions was carried home in triumph, and, when dried, carefully stowed away in an album. Mosses, ferns, and lichens helped to swell the collection which had already assumed considerable proportions.

Quinton, whose knowledge of botany was profound, was of no small assistance to her in classifying her specimens. Whenever she was in a difficulty she always appealed to him; but to see them poring over the album together one would really have thought that the flora of Switzerland was the one thing uppermost in his mind, and that the girl herself took quite a secondary place in his thoughts.

It was a day or two after my conversation with Mabel when we had foregathered for the evening, the whole of us, that Claire betook herself to a corner, and commenced to turn over the leaves of her album. Charteris edged his way to her side at once.

"Gloating over your treasures, eh?" he said, as he stood looking down at her. "Any important 'finds' lately?"

"One or two," she answered, glancing up at him with a smile.

"Which be they?"

"This beautiful little fern, for instance," she said, raising it gingerly from the page with the tip of her pretty finger. "It grows on the walls of the old St. Gothard monastery, which is built on the summit of a crag, and can only be approached from one side. Karl, that handsome, dark-eyed Swiss lad who comes here occasionally, brought me this specimen a few days ago. Mr. Quinton says it is a very rare species, and quite a curiosity in its way."

The scientist, who was standing near, corroborated her statement, giving a brief disquisition upon ferns in general, and this unique species in particular.

"It is the gem of your collection, then?" said Charteris, trying to look as if Quinton had not taken him out of his depth.

"It certainly holds the position of honour at present," she replied, "but I hope it will be eclipsed before long. There is one plant that grows amongst the Swiss mountains which I should dearly love to possess."

"What is that?"

"The eidelweiss."

"The eidelweiss!" said Charteris. "Ah, I think I know where I could secure you a specimen."

"Do you really?" she cried, eagerly. "Where?"

"At the nearest florist's, perhaps," put in Dick Kennedy, with a grin.

Charteris withered him with a look.

"The eidelweiss is not found growing by the roadside, let me tell you," he answered loftily, "nor in the window of a florist's shop. Even here it is an extremely rare flower, and is always planted in the most out-of-the-way nook or cranny (he must have been pumping the guide, I thought), where it is next to impossible to reach it. To get at it, you have either to climb half-way up a precipice, or let yourself down from the top by a rope."

"And which are you most in favour of, Charteris—the climb or the rope?" asked Kennedy.

"Oh, I shall try the rope," he answered, in an off-hand way.

"But it would be a very dangerous feat; wouldn't it?" objected Claire.

"Well, of course there is a certain amount of risk," he said, "especially if anything should go wrong with the rope. But I have done a good deal of this sort of thing, and never had an accident yet. I rather enjoy the thrilling sensation of finding myself hanging in mid-air, with a sheer drop of a hundred feet or so below me."

"When will you make the attempt?" I asked.

"To-morrow morning," he replied. "The place I have in my mind is not very far away, and it will be easy to reach it by noon."

Quinton, who had taken little part in the conversation, left the room soon afterwards, and we saw no more of him that night. Nor did he put in an appearance next morning when Charteris, equipped with a stout coil of rope, was ready to start, though all the rest collected to give him a send-off.

Kennedy and I accompanied him on the expedition in order to lend a hand with the rope and make ourselves generally useful. I don't know what prompted me to do so, but I took my little revolver out of my trunk and slipped it into my pocket.

It was a glorious day, I remember, the sun shining with dazzling brilliancy upon the snowy mountain peaks in the distance, and shedding a warm glow on all around. We trudged along in the best of spirits, all three of us, Charteris being more riotously gay than usual, if anything. When we got up amongst the hills he led us to the brink of a deep gorge, where he flung the coil of rope on the ground, and looked around him.

"This is the spot," he said.

Charteris proceeded to fix his rope with a skill which showed that cliff-climbing was nothing new to him. When all was ready he let himself down gently over the edge, and the next moment was dangling in mid air.

Besides the rope, he took down with him a thin cord, to which he intended to attach the eidelweiss if he were fortunate enough to secure it. In this way we could draw it up without the risk of having it crushed or damaged. This line, too, afforded a means of signalling to us. Kennedy was placed in charge of it, with instructions to haul it up if he felt a jerk.

Charteris must have descended to a considerable distance, judging by the length of rope we paid out. At times the strain upon it slackened, as if he had got his feet upon a ledge, and was groping about there. But his search was evidently unsuccessful, for he went lower and lower by degrees, until at last he must have reached a point over a hundred feet from the top.

Then came a pause. It lasted so long that we began to grow a trifle fidgety, wondering what on earth Charteris was up to. We could tell by the rope that his full weight was not upon it; he seemed to be partly resting on a ledge and taking it easy.

We waited and waited, but there was no signal from him, nothing to show that he intended to continue his search, or thought it better to give it up. We couldn't make it out.

"Hullo!" cried Kennedy, suddenly, as he began to haul up the cord. "I've got a bite at last! That was a distinct tug."

"He has secured the prize, then?" I said.

"Looks like it," replied Dick, hauling away for all he was worth.

In a very short time he had almost the entire length of the line drawn in, and we were looking out eagerly for the coveted eidelweiss. But judge of our surprise, our utter amazement, when, instead of a flower, or anything of that

kind, a slip of white paper came fluttering over the brink of the precipice, and was landed at our feet.

"What on earth is this?" said Kennedy, as he pounced upon it, detached it from the line, and smoothed it out. The next second a startled cry broke from him.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, holding the paper out to me. "What is the meaning of this?"

I glanced at it; and there, in a pencilled scrawl, read:

"For Heaven's sake put no strain on rope. It is nearly burnt through. Look opposite."

In an instant I had twisted the rope round an iron stake which we had driven into the ground, and secured it, so that it could not slip. Then, with a sense that Charteris was in danger—deadly, imminent danger—I hurried to the edge of the cliff, threw myself flat on the ground, and looked over.

Good Heavens! The sight that met my gaze made my blood run cold. The diabolical ingenuity of the thing so staggered me that I could only gaze at it helplessly for a moment or two.

Down there, on the opposite side of the gorge, a sort of tripod had been fixed, supporting a curious arrangement of convex mirrors. These were so skilfully set that they caught the rays of the sun, focussed them, and directed them full on the rope, which was already smouldering under the intense, concentrated heat. If the line swayed to right or left, a hand stole cautiously out from behind one of the boulders, and directed that deadly heat-ray upon the same spot again.

"A stone!" cried Kennedy, who was down on the ground beside me. "A stone—quick!"

I fumbled around me, and luckily found one close at hand, which I sent crashing into the diabolical contrivance. Kennedy was not slow in following my example. We pegged away at it as if it had been some venomous reptile, and in less than a minute had completely wrecked it.

My last shot had a most unexpected result. It fell just behind the boulder, and drew a squeak from someone who was crouching there. Before we knew what was happening, a man sprang out into view, and glared up at us. The moment we clapped eyes on him a cry broke from both of us. It was Quinton—the scientist!

But, good Heavens! how he was changed! He looked more like a fiend than a human being. After glaring up at us for a moment like a wild beast, he pounced upon a stone at his feet, and raised it in the air, evidently with the intention of hurling it across at Charteris.

But I was too quick for him. In an instant I had slipped my hand into my hip pocket, whipped out my revolver, and fired at the man below. With a yell Quinton dropped the stone, and went staggering back, winged just in the nick of time.

When we saw him fall, and knew that there was nothing further to be feared from him, we turned our attention to the unfortunate Charteris. By craning our necks we could just get a glimpse of his white, upturned face far below, thrilling in its silent appeal.

His position was indeed a precarious one. Afraid to trust his full weight to the damaged rope, he was clinging desperately to the rocky wall, his feet resting on a narrow ledge, which barely afforded him a foothold.

"What shall we do?" I said to Kennedy. "Would it be better for one of us to run back and procure assistance?"

"No," he answered, summing up the situation at a glance. "There is no time for that, he cannot hold on there much longer, and will have to trust himself to the rope in any case. We must try and get him up at once."

We shouted something to this effect down to Charteris, and he nodded his head in reply. Instantly, we fell back and commenced drawing in the rope, but with a sickening fear that we might feel it snap at any moment.

Charteris eased the weight considerably by using his feet against the cliff, planting his toes wherever it was possible to find an inch or two of space. Still, it was an anxious time—a terribly anxious time—and to this day it gives me a shiver to think of it.

At last, after many breathless pauses, we got him up to the brow of the cliff. The moment his head and shoulders appeared above it, Kennedy grabbed him, and dragged him over.

And then—well, I rather imagine that we felt regularly played out, the whole three of us, for we simply sat on the ground staring stupidly at each other.

Kennedy was the first to pull himself together.

"Quinton!" he cried, jumping to his feet, "we must secure the rescue."

I sprang up too and we set off together to make our way round to the other side of the gorge. But we reckoned without our host. When we reached the spot, where we had seen him drop, Quinton was gone. He must have managed to drag himself off in some way, and from that day to this we never laid eyes upon him again.

On our way back to the hotel, Charteris told us that the first inkling he had of the dastardly attempt was when, much to his amazement, a smell as of burning tow reached him. When he discovered how matters stood he was afraid to call out lest we should mistake it for a signal that he wished to be drawn up, and the rope give way under the strain. And so, with much difficulty, he managed to scrawl a line on a piece of paper he had in his pocket, sending it up to us by means of the cord.

He came back empty-handed, of course, but he had his reward for all that. Claire, when she heard our story, was so visibly touched that Charteris took heart and proposed to her straight off. She did not keep him long in suspense, for he came in to us soon afterwards to declare, in the regular, orthodox way, that "he was the happiest fellow in existence."

For myself, I was so profoundly impressed by Mabel's clear-sighted judgment, and had such a deep admiration for her into the bargain, that I lost no time in following Charteris's example, and, I am thankful to say, was equally fortunate in my answer.

Let us, gentle reader, whisper a warning!
Take time by the foreleg—first thing in the morning!—*Certainly: Will he kick?*

MIRRORS as MAN-TRAPS.

LOOKING-GLASSES THAT FRUSTRATE FRAUDS.

DETECTIVE BRUCE, of Scotland Yard, was riding inside an omnibus travelling westward. He had not ventured to seek the outside of the vehicle, because there rode on the top one of the cleverest pickpockets in England.

The pickpocket had the usual overcoat slung on his left arm to cover the furtive operations of the deft right hand. From the moment he entered the bus, Detective Bruce stared fixedly out of the windows. His gaze was intent indeed, and it rested upon the huge plate-glass windows of the shops that lined one side of the road. Reflected in the windows of one big shop, he saw quite sufficient of what occurred between the pickpocket and a lady victim on the outside of the bus to justify a whispered direction to the conductor. And just at that moment both conductor and detective climbed the bus steps and seized the pickpocket from behind. He had in his possession the purses of two ladies sitting in front of him. One purse was actually in that artful right hand. Neither victim knew of any loss, but the detective had seen both abstractions reflected in the windows of the shops.

In Victoria Street, Westminster, are the rather sumptuous chambers of a middle-aged professional gentleman. From these same chambers have come the plans upon which the mirrors of nearly every principal jewellery establishment in London, Paris, and elsewhere have been arranged. The professional gentleman is an artist in mirror arrangement. No matter what the shape or size of a given shop or office, he will so arrange absolutely unobtrusive mirrors that the one person in the secret can from a given point see the minutest movement of every assistant, customer, and even window-gazer.

The point of vantage from which all this can be seen is, as often as not, in another, and generally a "glazed off" office altogether. Not even the workmen who fix the mirrors know anything of the arrangement. The reflection can be broken in a moment by drawing a curtain in a careless way.

Most people have seen in theatres or halls some sort of variation of the trick whereby people looked in cabinets and cages disappear. Almost without exception these tricks are worked by means of mirrors, and the shop mirror expert in question has invented many of them, his usual fee being £120 for a particularly attractive and seemingly novel show, even though the main principle of working be the old one.

A very few years ago a great sensation was caused by a man of large means being charged with the murder of his wife. The man was the son of a north-country manufacturer of vast wealth. The alleged murderer was a terribly dissipated fellow, and the poor young wife was found dead, through an awful injury to the head, in the room where the two had been supping late at night. The accused was lying asleep in the same room, so drugged with drink that he did not stir for hours. The defence set up was that the victim herself drank, and that she had fallen against the edge of the table.

Against this defence two remarkable pieces of evidence were tendered, and both dealt with mirrors. One was that of a servant in the house. This girl alleged that on the night in question she happened, whilst spreading the supper table, to glance into the mirror over the fireplace of the room. Both accused and his wife were sitting down, the latter having her back to the former. The accused, who was bordering on drink madness, was, as he thought, unobserved, making grimaces and flourishing a knife behind the back of his wife.

To several people, too, the wife had that day told the following story: Two days before she had been out for a row with her husband on a certain lake. There were many holiday-makers there, and her husband insisted upon going into the most quiet creeks and backwaters. The surface of the water was like a mirror, and at one very quiet spot the wife had leant heavily over the side of the boat, looking into the water. She was about to dip one hand into the water whilst the boat was motionless, when she saw the reflected figure of her husband bent over her. His fingers were crooked, as though to grasp her, and the face was so full of horror and madness that the poor woman gave a great scream, threw herself suddenly up, and, in consequence, nearly knocked the man, leaning very closely over her, on to his back.

There was some obstacle to the reception of this latter evidence, and finally the man was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to a very long term of penal servitude.

At a Liverpool boarding house of a high class, a thief was lately found under a bed. A well-known provincial theatrical manager had gone to bed, and, wishing to read, had left the light burning. As he lay there he happened to glance at a full length swinging mirror that nearly touched the floor, and that was in the bedroom for the special needs of the many actresses who patronised the house. In the mirror the manager saw reflected the figure of a man on all fours, for the valance round the bottom of the bed did not touch the floor by several inches. The manager was saved from a loss of £400, which he had in his possession, by this mirror reflection.

A LUCKY BOY.

SMALL BOY: "Dickie Dart is the luckiest boy I know. He is always havin' somethin' nice happen. He went to the theatre last night."

Little Sister: "You often go, too."

Small Boy: "Yes, but there was a fire in this theatre, an awful panic, and lots of people got crushed, an' he was there an' saw the whole business."

Little Sister: "Where is he now?"

Little Boy: "In a hospital."

THE "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

FAIR COUNTERS: "I wish to get some rugs—something artistic and æsthetic you know; but I can't afford to pay a very high price."

Honest Dealer: "Come this way. Here, madam, are some antique Turkish rugs just in from the factory. Take them home, smear 'em with grease and tobacco juice, then wash them a little, dry them in an oven, lay them for three days in the sun, and they'll look as faded and antique as the genuine imported article costing ten times as much."

A BAD MEMORY.

A RATHER amusing story is told of a young Society woman. The daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents, she had never known a care until she assumed the responsibility of housekeeping at the time of her marriage a few years ago. She is now a mother. Her younger sister was seen recently in a tram with a child in her arms.

"Whose baby is that?" inquired a friend, who was rather astonished to see the young lady taking care of a child.

"Oh, it is my sister's," she replied. "She was up at our house last night, and when she left for home forgot the baby. I am taking it to her now."

CARRIED AWAY WITH SCIENCE.

A WELL-KNOWN Bohemian visited his friend, Professor Price, at the latter's laboratory. The Professor was examining a dark brown substance spread on paper.

"I say, would you kindly let me place a little bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become so vitiated by tasting all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the ever-accommodating Harris, thrusting out his tongue.

The Professor took up a little of the substance under analysis and placed it on Harris's tongue. The latter worked it round for fully a minute, tasting it much as he would a fine confection.

"Note any effect?" inquired the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyse or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as the dickens."

"Um-m; all right."

"What is it?" inquired Harris.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Someone has been poisoning horses with it."

HER LITTLE SCHEME.

A CERTAIN young lady gave a certain young man a piece of wedding cake, together with seven neatly folded slips of paper.

She told him to place the wedding cake and the slips under his pillow, and when he awoke in the morning to take out one of the slips and read what it contained. She further informed him that each of six of the slips would bear the name of some young lady, but that the seventh would be blank.

If the slip he opened on the seventh day contained a girl's name it would be that of his future wife; but if it was the blank he was doomed to bachelorhood.

The next morning when he opened a slip he found it contained the name of the very girl who had given him the instructions. At this he was much disappointed, for his affections were set upon her.

So he concluded that the other slips wouldn't interest him enough to sleep on them six nights, and proceeded to open them all, and read their names before throwing them away. But when he found that the girl of his choice had written her own name on every one of them, it was but a short time before everything came about in the most approved fashion.

That was the story the other girl read, and she made up her mind to try the same system upon the young man she most admired, but who displayed a singular hesitancy to question her upon the momentous subject.

The next time he came to see her she entertained him sweetly, and, as he was going, she brought out her wedding cake and the slips containing her autograph. She gave her lover his instructions about dreaming, and opening the slips, and all the rest of it, and her consternation may be imagined when he remarked, pleasantly: "Oh, yes! I read the story myself. Pretty good scheme, wasn't it?"

And she hasn't seen him since.

A GRAPHOPHONE FOR YOU.



Do you want a Talking Machine for the Winter Evenings?

WHEN Thomas Alva Edison, in December, 1877, announced the fact to the world that he had invented a talking machine humanity was really staggered at that time. The working of the machine at first had a weird-like effect upon those who were privileged to hear it, as it savoured so very much of the uncanny. Dr. Bell and Professor Tainter brought out theirs in 1886. Edison shelved his first invention for the incandescent lamp and, having finished that, started to work again on the original phonograph, this time completing its trifling shortcomings and otherwise perfecting it. That was in 1888. This newer machine, after Bell's style, was considered more nearly perfect in the recording, reproducing, and preserving sound. In place of tin-foil, wax was now used on the cylinder.

Since that time, numerous improvements have been made by different individuals and firms, culminating in the practically perfect machine known as the graphophone, for which the Columbia Phonograph Company is responsible.

The use of this invaluable machine must be apparent to everybody. Most of you have seen it at work, and, if you yourself have not derived direct amusement from it, you have seen others enjoying it to the full. None of your friends can talk like a talking-machine and give you the same fun as the machine provides. It is the very essence of good, genial, jolly companionship, and it never bores one. What it says or what it sings is always interesting. Once you have heard it, you want always to hear it, and it is ever ready, willing to oblige. It is unconscious of its own powers, and it exists only to please you and your friends. What a friend to have on a cold winter's evening! Its bristling fun, its rollicking jokes, its queer capers keep you lively for hours.

THE USE OF THE MACHINE.

HOW YOU MAY GET A GRAPHOPHONE. We shall offer one Graphophone every week until further notice, and we shall devise a different competition for each machine offered. The first competition is announced below.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH £1,000?

Supposing—only supposing, of course—that you came into possession of £1,000 sterling, what would you do with it? How would you begin?

Probably, if you have a banking account, you would first of all put the £1,000 into it, and then take a deep breath and look around you to see how you could best utilise it.

If you haven't got a banking account, you very soon would have one. Then, what would you do? Would you go into a bigger house, spend all the money, and live in luxury for a year?

Or would you live just as you are and invest the money and spend the interest, leaving the capital untouched?

Or would you go for a long holiday on the Continent? Or, if you propose to double the £1,000, how would you go to work?

Write your views on this point, and send them to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., in an envelope marked "THOUSAND," to arrive not later than Tuesday, December 11th.

A Columbia Graphophone will be sent to the person from whom we receive what we consider to be the best and most sensible answer.

"WHY, Willie," said the lady caller, "how tanned you are!"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, "pa done it."

"I'm going to hug you!" he cried. "Forewarned is fore-armed, you know."

"Four-armed?" she murmured, blushing vividly.

"Would that you had been forewarned!"

"Look pleasant, look pleasant," urged the photographer with the bulb in his hand.

"You seem to forget," replied the victim, "what you are charging me for these photographs."

LITTLE four-year-old Nellie was gazing intently at the visitor's bonnet.

"What do you think of it, dear?" asked the lady.

"Oh," replied Nellie, "it's all right. Mamma told Aunt Mary it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't frighten me."

Do not say "Pass the salt" or question our sanity.
"P.W." not "Kruger" will stagger humanity.—You're joking surely.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5319. Does any Precious Stone Give Light in Total Darkness?

The ancient belief that certain of the precious stones were actually self-luminous has not been proved. It is, however, certain that such stones as the diamond, ruby, sapphire, and carbuncle possess the power of storing up light and emitting it again in darkness. This property is possessed in the highest degree by the coloured varieties of diamonds. The property of the phosphorescence of certain precious stones was first noticed by Boyle, the chemist, and Sir Isaac Newton verified his observations during his researches on the properties of light. A good deal later Sir William Crookes discovered that diamonds placed in an exhausted chamber communicating with an induction coil greatly increased in luminosity, and this gave rise to the theory that the agitation in the molecules of the stone was sufficiently violent to induce luminous vibration of the ether rays. Were this theory proved it would be permissible to say that these stones are self-luminous.

5320. When were the Box Doors of an English Theatre Nailed up by the Management and Festeoned with Grape as a Satire on the Bad Patronage of the Upper Classes?

This happened in "proud Preston," and by the orders of Watkins Burroughs. After his company had been playing on one occasion for nearly a month to "a beggarly account of empty boxes," he fastened the box doors and hung them with grape. He then placed this inscription over the entrance: "Gone into mourning for brains, good taste, and appreciation, defunct amongst the upper ten of Preston." He then announced in the bills that the boxes were closed until further notice. This made him the idol of the pit and gallery folk, who crowded to the theatre more than ever. As soon as the upper ten realised that they were excluded, they began to find out that they wanted to go. But Burroughs was inexorable and refused them admittance. At last, when his benefit was announced, he was inundated with letters requesting box accommodation. By his wife's persuasions he was at length induced to open the box-office at increased prices. When he came to return thanks at the end of the play, he, in special terms, excluded the occupants of the boxes that night from any share in his gratitude, and bestowed it all on the popular parts of the house. The box people of Preston took their wiggings gently, and for the rest of the season came to the theatre in shoals. The story is told by Phelps, who was a member of Watkins-Burroughs' company at the time of this unusual occurrence.

5321. Was any Definition in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary ever Pronounced by Legal Authority a Libel?

In the earlier editions of Johnson's Dictionary the author framed many of the definitions so as to express his own very vigorous opinions. For instance, he defined "Whig" as "the name of a faction," and "pensioner" as "a slave of State, hired by a stipend to obey his master." This last definition rather troubled the Doctor when, some years later, he was offered, and accepted, a (literary) pension himself. "Excise" he defined as "a hateful tax laid upon commodities and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." The Excise Commissioners, being informed of this, submitted to the Attorney-General Murray (afterwards Lord Chief Justice and Earl of Mansfield) the question: Was this a libel? Murray's answer, given in November, 1755, was: "I am of opinion that it is a libel, but under all the circumstances I should think it better to give him an

opportunity of altering his definition, and if he don't, threaten him with an information." By libel he means seditious libel in a publication "directly calculated to bring the constitution of the country into hatred and contempt, and to induce the people to defy legally-constituted authority." (To constitute the offence, a malicious intention to bring about the result described is essential.) The course recommended by Murray seems to have been followed, for in the next edition of the dictionary (1756) the words "but by wretches, etc." are omitted. In some later editions (e.g., that of 1806) they were restored, but no further action was taken. Johnson's bitterness against the Excise may be traced to the quarrel and litigation between his father and the Excise authorities, which resulted in the ruin of the elder Johnson's business of parchment-making.

5322. Has a Judge ever Held a Judicial Position in each of the Three Kingdoms—England, Ireland, and Scotland?

Yes. This distinction fell to the lot of Baron Smith, son of Roger Smith, Esq., of Frolesworth, in Leicestershire. He was called to the Bar on May 2nd, 1684, and sent first as Judge of the Common Pleas to Ireland on December 24th, 1700. In less than a couple of years he was recalled, and made a Baron of the English Exchequer on June 24th, 1702. In May, 1708, he was selected to settle the Exchequer in Scotland, and was sent as Lord Chief Baron for that purpose, being still allowed, though another Baron was appointed in England, to retain his place in the English Court, and receiving £500 a year in addition to his salary. He enjoyed both positions till the end of his life, being sworn on the accession of George I. in his office of Baron of the English Exchequer, although he performed none of its duties. He died on June 24th, 1726. By his will he founded and endowed a hospital at his native village of Frolesworth for the maintenance of fourteen poor widows.

5323. When did it Become Usual to have More than One Baptismal Name?

The practice cannot be said to have become usual in England, at any rate, before the beginning of the nineteenth century, though numerous earlier instances are to be found dating back as far as the fifteenth century. The custom was first initiated by royal families, and the son of Henry IV. was christened Henry Frederick. Abroad, and especially in Italy, the custom was already fairly common, and we find Julius Caesar Scaliger, and Giovanni Battista Ramusio, two great scholars and historians who belong to the declining years of the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century it became very common to find men with two surnames, such as Edmund Berry Godfrey, Thomas Strand Fairfax, and Robert Bruce Colton. A considerable number of clerics, too, adopted two Christian names, but it is probable that in most cases one was adopted at ordination. Such were William Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, born in 1414, and Peter Henry Garnett executed in 1556. John James Sandilands, born in 1564, perhaps affords the first undoubted example of a man with two baptismal names, but an examination of the Eton School lists which should afford early examples of the practice, reveal no instance of double baptismal names before 1737, and this was a foreign example, while the double names do not become numerous till about 1800.

5324. When was British Diplomacy Least Straight-forward?

In the reign of Elizabeth. This was due to a variety of causes. The decay of the feudal system throughout Europe and the revival of learning led to the employment of more intellectual methods of settling international disputes, while morality in high places had sunk to a very low ebb. It was openly taught by the greatest political writer (Machiavelli) of the preceding age that for the establishment and maintenance of authority, all means were justified, and this principle had come to be adopted by most of the princes of Europe. The difficult circumstances, in which Elizabeth was placed in the earlier part of her reign made deceit almost a necessity, if she was to hold her

own against the subtle intrigues of Spain and France. Diplomacy at that time had made lying one of the fine arts, and Elizabeth proved herself a match for the most crafty of her enemies. Froude says of her that "her entire nature was saturated with artifice. Except when speaking some round untruth, Elizabeth never could be simple." In France and Scotland she stirred up civil war by making to the Protestants promises which she rarely fulfilled. She secretly encouraged the Low Counties in their war with their Spanish Sovereign, and at the same time she was negotiating with Spain for forcing an unfavourable peace upon the Dutch. Perhaps her double-dealing reached its highest point in her audacious trick upon France, when she presented the Duke of Anjou to her Court as her future husband, and actually kissed him before them, while she had not the slightest intention of marrying him.

5325. What is the Derivation of "Leader," the Chief Article in a Newspaper?

This is a question which has been thrashed out inconclusively by both amateurs and professionals. According to one opinion the word is not "leader" at all, but "lead-er"; that is to say, an article printed in large, plain type, and made more conspicuous by the insertion of leads between the lines. Those who hold this view treat it as a technical term from the composing-room. To this there are two objections. The technical term is not "lead-er" but "leaded article," and, while all leading articles are not leaded, many important items of news are. The more commonsense view appears to be that the leader has come to be so called from the fact that it occupies the leading place in the paper for two reasons. It is the work of a specialist who voices the opinion and policy of the journal, and so seeks to lead or mould the opinion of the readers. This view appears to be corroborated by the universal adoption of the diminutive of the word "leaderette," a short leader following immediately after the principal editorial articles.

5326. Which was the Last Instance of a Pitched Battle between the Armies of Two Private Individuals in England?

The last fight of this kind which occurred on English soil was fought on August 10th, 1470, between the retainers of Thomas, Viscount Lisle, and William, Lord Berkeley. The battlefield was Nibley Green, in Gloucestershire. The *casus belli* was a lawsuit arising out of a family quarrel. Lisle challenged Berkeley to settle the matter by single combat or fight it out with retainers. The challenger and 150 of his men were killed, and his house was sacked by the victors. More than a hundred years later the retainers of Sir John Carmichael and Sir John Foster met on the border between England and Scotland. Foster was defeated and carried captive to Dalkeith. As, however, this combat did not take place purely on English soil it can hardly be taken as a satisfactory answer to the question. As the Clan system in Scotland survived the Feudal system in England for a very long period, it was only to be expected that these private combats should have been waged at much later dates in Scotland than in England.

5327. Where is Liquid Snuff Taken?

In portions of Central Africa. The late Commander Cameron says in his entertaining work, "Across Africa" (I. p. 233; London, 1877): "At Lugowa I witnessed for the first time a curious method of using tobacco which prevails to a great extent at Ujiji. Instead of taking dry powdered snuff according to the ordinary custom, the people carry tobacco in a small gourd, and when they wish to indulge in a 'smeechin,' fill it with water, and after allowing the leaf to soak for a few moments, they press out the juice and sniff it up their nostrils. The pungent liquid snuff is retained in the nostrils for many minutes, being prevented from escaping either by holding the nose with the fingers or with a small pair of metal nippers. The after performances will not bear description. It is indescribably droll to see half-a-dozen men sitting gravely round a fire trying to talk with nippers on their noses."

QUESTIONS.

5331. Where was it customary for the most recently made bridegroom to act for the time being as public executioner?
5332. In which city is the Lady Mayoreess entitled to retain the prefix "Lady" for the remainder of her life?
5333. What is the earliest ruling of a Speaker against whispering in the House of Commons?
5334. Which ancient government executed intending suicides to their end?
5335. When was it that laws were first recognised as governing the actions of hostile armies to their enemies?
5336. Why do children's complaints generally assume such a virulent form in persons of mature age?
5337. Which of our popular sayings is couched in the most ancient English?
5338. Which is the richest mineral and agricultural district in the world?
5339. Which is the most cruel animal?
5340. Which existing railway passenger coach has travelled the greatest distance?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Replies should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

BOBBS: "Clothes do not make the man."

DOBBS: "No; but many a lawyer has been made by a good suit."

"You can't deny that he is a broad-minded man."

"Possibly he is, but if his mind has breadth it certainly has no depth."

MR. KNOWSIT: "Red hair always accompanies great strength. It is natural—"

MR. WANDER: "Get out! Did you ever see a red-headed elephant?"

YOUNG BRIDEGROOM: "Darling, I think I should like to take your little brother with us to Niagara Falls."

BRIDE: "How kind of you, Harry."

YOUNG BRIDEGROOM: "Yes, I should like to push him over them."

Founded 1871. The OCEAN Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized £1,000,000 Income, 1899 £748,732
Capital Subscribed £500,000 Reserves Dec. 31st, 1899 £763,121

Funds, 31st Dec., 1899 (exclusive of Unclaimed Capital), £1,010,850.

The "Advanced" Policy of THE OCEAN CORPORATION is a remarkable development from the old-fashioned Accident contract, with its limited scope and restrictive conditions. The "Advanced" Policy is based on wide and liberal lines, and not only provides against Accidents, but also against Sickness and Permanent Incapacity. It promises, in addition, the important advantage of being *World-wide* as to Travel.

SEND FOR PROSPECTUS.

Fidelity Guarantees. Burglary Insurance.
The Bonds of this Corporation are accepted by all Departments of H.M. Government. Mortgage Insurance.
Employers' Indemnity. Known and Debt Insurance.
(Workmen and Third Parties.) Sickness and Life Insurance.
Steamship Insurance. and Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: R. J. PAULL,
28 to 44, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C. General Manager and Secretary.

Oom Paul has skedaddled—nought left but his hat!
And a "P.W." reader will soon capture that!—Bravo!

CHOCOLATE FOR CONVICTS.

HOW A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN SUPPLIES THE INMATES OF DARTMOOR WITH TOBACCO AND CHOCOLATE.

THE great feature of Dartmoor is, of course, its prison at Princetown, the only village on the moor save Post-Briggs, and I was leaning over a wall one afternoon during my visit and noting how healthy and robust the convicts working in the fields looked, when I turned and saw a prematurely withered little man, with very small eyes which blinked as they looked at me, a jaw so large that the upper part of his face looked much narrower than it really was, very thin lips, a flat nose, and no forehead to speak of.

"It's all right, matey," whispered the little man, "have they gone yet?"

"Whom, the convicts?" I asked.

"Yes, they've got to be inside by five, and it's near that now by the look o' the day."

"They are going now," I replied, as I saw the warders and the civil guard close round the convict gang and tramp slowly out of the field. The man at my side stood up straight, and after peering up and down the white, hard road, said:

"What's your lay here; same as mine?"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Well, I am come 'ere to pervide some of my ole friends with a few luxuries, as per contract."

"Luxuries as per contract!" I echoed.

"Yes. I calls myself a pervider. I've been one for years. When my time is up I passes round the word that I'm open to return 'ere with bacca and chocolate for those that has well-to-do friends. The grub 'ere is lovely. If bacca were allowed, there's 'eaps of us would be willing to stay on for our naturals, but as it isn't, it has to be got on the cross." Then he looked at the sky. "I must be off or it will be too dark directly to see wot I'm doin'. I'll be back in a minit," saying which, the ex-convict climbed the iron gate, and was soon hard at work in the field concealing a number of small packages. He held a piece of paper in his hand, which, from his consulting before hiding a packet, I took to be a sort of rough plan. In a few minutes he was back again.

"I've another little lot 'ere. They're for the stone quarry. It's gettin' dark, so I shall have to wait till tomorrow and plant 'em afore the warders are up."

"May I look at your delicacies?"

"Oh, certainly! Only, fair play; no givin' me away."

What I saw were a number of tiny lumps of tobacco, each wrapped in a piece of oilskin. Although these pellets of tobacco were not larger than a shilling, they each contained, so the provider of luxuries told me, half-an-ounce of the precious weed.

"I reckon I shall clear twenty quid over this 'ere journey," he continued. "I didn't ave many customers, but I made 'em all part. I could 'ave 'ad more only I don't take messages to brothers, fathers, and aich like. I remember once callin' on a ole gent living in Bayswater after I had finished my last stretch 'ere, and when I told 'im who I was, and that his son had asked me to call and get some money to buy some 'bacca and that 'e would have to pay my fare down 'ere, he rang the bell and told the servant to show me out. 'My son's a villain,' he shouted, 'and I never want to see him again.' Oh dear no. No men for me. Give me a nice soft 'carted, lovin' wife, who, directly I tells 'er that I've come from 'er ole man drops into a chair white and trembling. 'He's as well as can be expected,' I says, 'but he'd be a deal more easier in his mind if he 'ad a little tobacco to cheer 'is lonesome hours. If he only 'ad a little to chew at night, which I know from my own experience to be drefful long and dreary, he could lay cheerfully on his hard bed and think of the 'appy time when he meets you an' the kids again.'"

"That sets the waterworks ago'in, seeing which I brings 'er to 'er senses by saying in a stern voice 'My message to you is that you are to give me ten shillings for tobacco or chocolate if he fancies that; £1 15s. for my fare to Plymouth and back, and £2 to keep me on the road.'"

"Am I the only one who's on this lay? Bless your 'eart, no. Why, prisoners only knows a few of the inmates. Sometimes the friends do the planting their-selves. They come down 'ere and hang about for a day or two till they find whether their man is workin', but as they don't understand the business, the warders, who ain't quite fools, and allus on the look-out, spoils their game."

"Is it difficult for a prisoner to get the tobacco or chocolate unobserved?"

"Of course it is. A chap might wait a week afore he 'got a proper chance; then there's the danger of his mates seeing him. If a cove with 'bacca don't share, he's split on."

"What security have your clients that you deal fairly with them?"

"Ha! you've hit it now. It's wunnerful how suspicious people are. I've known people, arter they've given me the money, say, 'Give it me back and I'll give you some more,' and then, as soon as they've got it, say, 'I'll meet you at Paddington to-morrow and take your ticket for you; you might go on the spree to-night.'"

"Well, good-night, mister. If ever you're in there"—pointing to the prison—"just give me the tip and I'll bring yer all the baccy that you can chew."

"CASH" AND CUPID.

HE met her at the counter—
She presided o'er the wares,
And she sold the silks and satins
And such feminine affairs.
She was willowy and charming,
With a subtle sort of dash,
And her voice was most alluring
When she sweetly carolled
"Cash!"

So he wooed her at the counter,
'Mong the ribbons and the lace,
And he vowed that all the fabrics
Paled to cheapness by her face.
Oh, he wooed her and he won her
With his airs and his moustache,
And he vowed he loved to listen
To her sweetly murmured
"Cash!"

Now, however, she still wishes
To surround herself with lace,
And with velvets, silks and satins,
And leads him a merry pace.
For she murmurs o'er the outlets,
And she carols o'er the hash,
One insistent constant solo
Whose recurrent theme is
"Cash!"

WHY DIDN'T HE?

SMALL WILLIE was out walking with his mother one afternoon, when she stopped to give a penny to a beggar.

"Why don't he go home, mamma?" asked Willie.

"The poor man has no home," she replied.

"Then," continued the little fellow, "why don't he go to a hotel?"

A REFLECTION.

A GENTLEMAN walking from Perth to Collace one day entered a wayside inn and called for refreshments. As he was sitting resting and eyeing his glass of stout, a surly-looking individual came in and sat down at the same table.

As the man made no attempt at a greeting, the gentleman raised his glass, and, as he was about to drink, said:

"Here's to ye, honest man!"

To his surprise the man snapped out:

"Nane o' yer dry remarks," and rose and left the room.

When the landlord came in, the gentleman said:

"That's a queer character that's just gone out. Who is he?"

And the full significance of the man's behaviour was apparent when the inquirer was told that he had just stood his trial before the Sheriff, and the verdict had been the canny Scotch one of "not proven."

TOMMY: "Pa, the teacher says that if a man gets dyspepsia it may make him bald-headed. Is that so?"

Mr. Figg: "It is."

Tommy: "Then if a man eats too much pie, would he be pie-bald?"

"Is your friend Lifeman a vegetarian?"

"I believe he is."

"What makes you think so? Have you ever dined at his house?"

"No; but I've smoked one or two of his cigars."

SHE: "Is that friend of yours whom you are expecting a tall man?"

He: "About six feet two inches. Why do you ask?"

She: "Because in that case I shall have to dust the ornaments on the top shelf."

SHE: "Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a 'bus any more."

He: "Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance?"

She: "Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage, hired by the hour."

A DISTINGUISHED diplomatist from the United States of America, a very genial and sociable being, soon after his arrival in London made the round of the sights—Madame Tussaud's among the number.

"And what do you think of our wax-work exhibition?" asked a friend.

"Well," replied the general, "it struck me as being very like an ordinary English evening party."

MUSICAL PATTERNS.

HOW KASHMIR SHAWLS ARE WOVEN.

A RECENT traveller through Northern India tells an interesting incident in connection with a visit which she made to one of the rude little homes in Kashmir, where the world-renowned India shawls are made. It chanced to be a very hot day, even for India, and when our traveller found herself being conducted through a dusty, dingy, narrow street, towards a squalid little house, she almost regretted her inherent thirst for knowledge.

However, upon entering a little room, she found ten or a dozen men sitting on the floor, patiently weaving the richly-hued threads in and out, and evidently happy; since, notwithstanding the heat and general dinginess, they were chanting together some pleasing little melody.

While watching them at their careful painstaking labour, she noticed that each man had a little slip of paper pinned to his work, which she naturally took to be the design of his particular shawl. Upon closer investigation, however, she found that they all contained musical notes. Fancy her surprise to learn that it really was the pattern, expressed in musical notation, and represented, in point of fact, the tune the men were then singing. She further learnt that they had discovered a curious relation between colour and sound, whereby they determined the colours they were to use by the way they harmonised in music—an inharmonious blending of tones always signifying inharmonious colouring.

"The attitude of native Indians towards the Queen," continued the same traveller, "is really very curious and interesting, and is entirely detached from any feeling which they may have for or against the British Government. They look upon the Queen as a saint, frequently worshipping her as such. The reason for this worshipful attitude does not rest upon her position, power, talents, or general character, but more than anything else upon her long period of widowhood, which, to the Indian woman, is a state of the highest dignity and sanctity."

"But supposing they were to see her now," asked a listener, "just as she is, wouldn't that be something of a shock? Could they still surround her with the halo of sainthood?"

"Oh, that wouldn't make the least difference," replied the cosmopolite. "The Hindu only sees, or fancies he sees, the soul. Those orientals possess a degree of spiritual refinement to which we of the West are strangers; spiritual culture is also far more democratised among them than among us. Once having in their imagination elevated the Queen to the rank of sainthood, no physical limitations would have the slightest effect upon their adoration."

"Another remarkable thing I observed is that on the slopes of the Himalayas the native women have a most curious plan of disposing of their babies and keeping them quiet while they are engaged at work in the fields during the greater part of the day. Before the mothers set out to work in the morning they wrap their babies in swaddling bands, leaving nothing but their little faces exposed. Then the babies are taken and laid under a ledge of rock from which water is falling, and by means of a bamboo the water is made to drip gently on each baby's forehead. The effect of the dripping water is most soothing, and soon the little ones are all asleep, and remain quite motionless until taken up by their mothers on their return from their work, when they are carried off to be unwrapped, dried, and fed. Very few of the little ones treated on this hydropathic system seem to be any the worse for it, and as a rule they grow up strong and healthy men and women."

The Lost Lady Delia.

A powerful new romance by LOUIS TRACY, author of "THE FINAL WAR," "THE INVADERS," "AN AMERICAN EMPEROR," etc., starts in

SHORT STORIES CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

When you are next at your newsagent's just mention the fact that you would like him to put by a copy of *SHORT STORIES* for you.

£5 for a Postcard.

THE Editor is in want of really good original anecdotes, and is willing to give his contributors fair return for contributing them. All attempts, however, must be the original work of the sender. By original we do not mean simply reading an anecdote, and then writing it out in a different manner, and still retaining the same idea; the story must be original in every detail.

Each week the best dozen or so will be published, and the sender of each will receive a prize in the shape of a stereoscope or penknife, whichever may be chosen. Competitors are requested to state on their attempts the prize they would prefer. In addition to this, the sender of the best story published during December will receive a cheque for £5.

All stories must arrive on postcards addressed to the "Little Story Editor," *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

We may, or may not, Father Thames "set on fire,"
But we'll more than fulfil your heart's desire.—*Rather a tall order, that.*



YOU CAN TELL A PROVED REVOLVER OR RIFLE BY ITS MARK.

THERE are two proof-houses, one in London and another in Birmingham, where the testing of firearms is regularly carried out on a secret system which has been framed by the Governmental authorities, and which is closely watched and observed by those interested in it, to the very letter.

The age we live in is marked by the predominating wish to get rich with as little delay as possible, and to attain this social distinction and the privileges that are born of it there are people in trade who, were there no law to stop it, might be easily led into the temptation to put on the market, say, firearms made of inferior materials, which, when used, might blow you to atoms or disfigure you for life, or, if they did not do so much damage, the weapons themselves might be torn into shreds, and the loss would be yours.

Therefore, to prevent accidents caused by dear but inferior firearms, the Government, exercising a paternal interest in you, takes upon itself the responsibility of testing, proving, passing, and marking all firearms fresh from the makers.

A number of Acts of Parliament have been passed from time to time conferring this power on the Governmental authorities, but the most recent one is that of 1868; the oldest dates back to 1637.

This latter is really a charter granted to the Gunmakers' Company of the City of London. This particular charter or law gave this company power to search, prove, and mark

"ALL MANNER OF HAND GUNS,

great and small, daggs and pistols, and every part thereof, whether made in London or the suburbs, or those imported from foreign parts."

The present Act of Parliament is called "The Gun Barrel Proof Act," and it lays down that "small arms of every description adopted for the discharge of bullets, shot, or other projectiles, either by means of explosion, ignition, or other action of gunpowder, gun-cotton, or any other substance" must be submitted by the makers to the authorities at either of the proof-houses mentioned for marking.

The constitution regulating the Birmingham proof-house is protected, of course, in every way by law, and the guardians of that local-house occupy the same position in respect of the gun trade of that and kindred centres as the Gunmakers' Company of London holds in respect of the gun trade of London and certain other centres hereabouts.

All makers of firearms must be legally registered at either of the proof-houses, but as the gun trade of London makes a poor second in comparison to that of Birmingham, the chief feature of the industry, and, perhaps, that of testing, is to be found in the latter city.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The proof-house at Birmingham, as well as that stationed in London, is officered by selected individuals, men chosen on account of the depth and extent of their knowledge of firearms, and on account of their soundness and proficiency in the study of metallurgy and kindred sciences.

Among the officers at the proof-houses are a proof-master, deputy and assistants, and a warden, all of whom are at the head of a large staff of workmen, and skilled artisans.

When taking office it is compulsory on the officers to make a solemn declaration to the effect that they will perform their duties without fear or favour, prejudice, or malice.

Reviewing the system generally, the whole scheme turns upon this understanding: that no description of fire arms whatsoever, fresh from the makers, can be sold or exchanged, or exposed for sale, or be exported, until they have passed the proofs ordered by the authorities and been properly marked, just as gold and silver are marked by the Goldsmiths' Company.

It is interesting to know that a maker may not under any excuse pawn or pledge any part of his stock of firearms unless they have been duly approved. Disobedience of these orders renders a maker liable to a heavy fine with costs; indeed, the punishment may run to imprisonment.

But no maker would run the risk, or give offence to the authorities of the proof-houses. On the contrary, the gunmakers aid the authorities in their duties and would not stoop to embarrass them.

It has been said that there are few Acts of Parliament through which you could not drive a coach and four, meaning that it is not so difficult a task for anybody so

mind to find a channel for cheating the meaning of the law.

Some gunmakers, for instance, used a few years ago to send their double barrels for what is called provisional marking, and when these bearing the stamp of the proof-houses were returned, the more unscrupulous of the tradesmen found a ready means to reduce the strength of the materials employed in the progressive stage of the making of the weapons; but this practice, which it is only fair to the trade to say was not the general rule, has been finally nipped in the bud by the wording of the present Act.

Any alteration made in the materials used in the manufacture of firearms after provisional marking renders the latter abortive, and the maker is liable to a heavy fine, besides losing the confidence of the proof-houses and the respect of his compeers.

There are two ways, generally speaking, of testing new firearms, the first being provisional and the second definitive. The first is the harder test of the two, and if the weapon should fail to bear the strain and it comes to pieces the loss is the maker's. He might send a dozen of every description of firearm, and all come asunder under the proving; but, of course, he has no remedy, not even if they destroyed every weapon in his factory. Hence you can place every reliance in your rifle or revolver, since you would not have been able to get possession of it unless it had successfully stood the very severe test made by the proof-house.

The definitive examination is less exacting, but it is, at the same time, particular, as we shall show later on. There are some very fine points in connection with the testing and

PROVING OF FIREARMS.

Barrels with foreign proof-marks, as an example, converted in England are deemed proved barrels provided they are forthwith exported; but if they remain in this country, then they are treated as unproved; so that if you, as a maker, purchased a lot of foreign-made rifles or revolvers, and were under the impression that the foreign mark would suffice to clear you of all responsibility, and then it afterwards turned out when you had to submit them for passing, that they had failed to satisfy the proof-master in this country, or did not respond to the test, the outlook would be serious for you.

But the mark of certain countries is accepted, that of France and Germany being among the small number.

The Gunmakers' Company of London and the guardians of the Birmingham proof-house have power to enter any premises where they suspect forged marking is carried on, and to seize and destroy all the stock in the place.

Now as to the mode of testing. The proof-house classifies all firearms into five divisions, these including all kinds of rifles and revolvers of every description and system.

Whilst the powder is, of course, the same as that used by the War Office,

THE BULLETS ARE DIFFERENT.

The explosive charge is very much higher than the ordinary service charge; in some cases it is, one might say, almost double the strength. Arms go by gauges in the proof-houses, as well as classes.

The regulation bore of rifle gauge 24 is .577, and the service ball for this weighs 536 grains, but the bullet for testing purposes weighs 715.0 grains.

The difference in the charges of powder used is greater still. For instance, 68 grains of powder is the service charge for the rifle quoted, but in the testing operations the Act gives 205 grains for the first proof and 137 for the second. This difference in the figures is observed in the case of all firearms submitted for proof.

It comes out at 300 per cent. above the service charge for the first proof, and 200 for the second, whilst the bullets, which are flat-ended projectiles of lead, are 135 per cent. higher than the service bullet.

The marks of definitive proof are interesting. Should you have a rifle or revolver having upon the barrel the letters G P interlaced in a cypher surmounted by a crown, and the letter V surmounted with a crown, you may know that they are the marks of the Gunmakers' Company of London; two sceptres crossed, a crown in



Marks of the Gunmakers' Company of London.



Mark of the Birmingham Proof House.

the top angle formed by the crossing of the sceptres, the letter B in the left angle, the letter C in the right angle, and the letter P in the lower angle represent the definitive mark of the Birmingham proof-house.

There are provisional marks as well, but the former are more representative. You will find these marks at the breech end of the barrel.

SOMETHING WORSE.

LONGWIND had pushed Dukane into a corner and was haranguing him on politics.

"Is there," he demanded, "anything more unendurable than government without the consent of the governed?"

"There is!" replied Dukane, in an explosive tone.

"What is it?"

"Talk without the consent of the talked."

A CHANGELESS CHANGE.

SHORTLEIGH: "I tell you, old chap, marriage changes a man completely. Why, I'm a different man altogether since I married."

Longleigh: "I'm glad to hear that. Perhaps you will now take up that little I O U that I've held against you for a year or more."

Shortleigh: "Oh, dear, no. I couldn't think of settling another fellow's bills."

TOO HAPPY FOR ANYTHING.

It isn't often that the man who takes up the collection in a church is nonplussed and forgets his business, but such was the case recently, and this is how it happened.

Before singing the doxology, the minister had announced that a collection would be taken for the foreign missionary work. A young married couple were sitting in the body of the church. When the collection plate came round, the groom, thinking himself doubly blessed, felt quite liberal. He put a sovereign in it.

The man who was taking up the collection seemed dumfounded. He first looked at the coin and then at the giver; then, whirling round, walked rapidly up the aisle to the pulpit. He halted there for a moment, took another glance at the coin, scratched his head, and came back to the groom. He touched the young man on the shoulder, and whispered in his ear:

"How much change do you want?"

"Not a halfpenny," said the happy groom.

MAN'S PHYSICAL DEFECTS.

THE physical defect most common in man is unevenness of the shoulders. One shoulder is higher than the other, and this is a defect often encountered, though the differences in the height may not be so great as to be noticeable, except by one accustomed to closely observing such things.

This is a defect that is easily overcome by the tailor, when it exists in a comparatively moderate degree. It is done sometimes by simply cutting the coat to fit on each shoulder, the perfect fitting coat carrying with it the idea and the appearance of symmetry. Sometimes, and this is commonly done in cases of more pronounced difference, symmetry is attained by the familiar method of building up or padding the lower shoulder. The influence of the lower shoulder extends down on that side of the body, so that sometimes it is necessary below the arm to cut that side of the coat shorter.

Next to unevenness of the shoulders, round shoulders are perhaps the commonest defect.

A very common thing is unevenness of the hips. A difference of half-an-inch here would not be at all remarkable; it is sometimes much more. If a man finds one leg of his trousers—the legs, as he knows, being alike in length—touching the ground while the other clears it, he may reasonably consider that there is a difference somewhere in his legs. It may be that one leg is longer than the other, but it is more probable that one hip is higher than the other, or one leg fuller, so that it takes up the trousers more and thus gradually raises the bottom more.

It is common to find men's arms of different lengths. The difference may be so slight as to require no special attention in the making of their clothes, but it is frequently necessary to make the coat sleeves of different lengths.

The fact appears to be that there are not many perfect men, that is, men of perfect harmony of development, and perfect symmetry of proportion, in which respect man is like all things else in nature, like horses, for instance, and trees; but in the greater number of men these defects are within such limits that they might be described as variations rather than as substantial defects.

If You Have

a photograph which you greatly cherish, send it to us, and we will enlarge it to a beautiful India ink and crayon portrait, 15in. x 12in., mounted on plate sunk mount 24in. x 19in.

The enlargements, which are of the head and shoulders only, can be made from any photograph, large or small, tin-types, or any kind of glass picture, provided the print is legible. The price is 7s. for photos of civilians, and 6s. for those of soldiers and sailors in uniform.

Full particulars appeared last week and will appear again next week.

We'll bring pleasure, contentment, to your own snug nest.
We'll banish all gloom, and "soothe savage breast."—You don't say so!

TRAINING FLIES, FLEAS, AND RATS.

HOW CONDEMNED ANARCHISTS PASS THEIR TIME.

In spite of the natural abhorrence which one feels for such men as Breschi, the assassin of King Humbert, and Lucheni, the cruel murderer of the beautiful Empress of Austria, most people—when they hear that these anarchist assassins are immured in small, almost dark cells, which they are never allowed to leave, and in which they are doomed to remain for the rest of their lives in solitude and silence—exclaim: "Poor wretches," and experience a thrill of pity for the sufferings of these murderers.

Terrible, however, as their fate is, there can be little doubt that in the process of time, these men will be able to accommodate themselves to it and even extract a certain amount of pleasure out of what appears to be, that most terrible of all fates, a living death.

Few, perhaps, of the readers of that wonderful romance "Monte Christo" realise that the methods of self-instruction devised by the Abbe Faria were founded on fact, and yet the authentic annals of life-long prisoners prove conclusively, fortunately for humanity, that it is absolutely impossible to devise a system of imprisonment that deprives prisoners of pleasure in their lives.

Take, for instance, the world-renowned anarchist Communist, Louise Michel, the "red virgin" of the Paris Commune, whose death sentence in 1871 was commuted to perpetual imprisonment in that French convict inferno, New Caledonia.

For the first three years of her existence there she was kept in solitary confinement in a palisaded hut, and during all that period she never once heard a human voice, except when the sentinels were changed, when the military orders would perhaps reach her ears.

The savage rigour of her confinement may be imagined when it is mentioned that once she fell ill, and remained in a comatose condition for some hours. No one came near her, and to this day Louise Michel, who now lives in this country, bears the scars on her neck and arms from the bites of the red ants, which almost devoured her alive while she remained insensible.

It would be difficult to imagine a more terrible fate, yet Louise states that she was happy. Probably her belief that she was suffering in the cause of humanity buoyed her up; but apart from this she found an apparently endless source of amusement in taming and training flies!

She found it possible to teach these insects to come to her when she called, and by dint of infinite patience succeeded in training them to fly to her when required by allowing the docile ones to feast off crumbs of moistened bread.

Strange to say, she remarked that the male flies were extremely selfish and always prevented the females from feasting, until they were satisfied. They were also extremely jealous, and if their mistress paid extra attention to one particular fly, the others invariably fought him savagely!

Rats and mice, it is well known, are favourite pets of prisoners, and Prince Peter Krapotkin, the well-known philosophical anarchist and scientist, and the late Sergius Stepaniak, both became proficient in teaching these animals tricks, which served to solace the weary hours of confinement.

Some sixty years ago when an Italian named Rossi visited this country with a troupe of performing fleas, he stated that he had been in solitary confinement in an Italian prison for fifteen years, and that while immured there, he conceived the idea and succeeded in executing it, by dint of extraordinary patience and perseverance, of making pets of some of the fleas that infested his cell.

Prisoners who are allowed books frequently become magnificent scholars during their incarceration.

Thirty years ago, for instance, Michael Davitt was an ignorant, although an intelligent, lad. Now he speaks and writes fluently several European languages, having learnt their grammar, spelling, and pronunciation through committing several foreign dictionaries to memory.

These facts show that existence under solitary confinement, though terrible, is not absolutely devoid of pleasure, and that at the present moment the condemned anarchist assassins may be obtaining some sort of amusement, despite the surroundings of the living tomb into which they are plunged.

"WHY did you print that poem?" asked the friend of the impecunious editor; "it was the worst I ever read."

"I know," replied the editor, "but the poet sent stamps for its return, and I wanted the stamps."

"You have a good deal of assurance to come to me for charity," said the man of the house, "with your face all knocked about by fighting. You're nothing but a bruiser!"

"No, sir," replied the seedy vagrant, who was not wanting in spirit. "The other feller wuz the bruiser; I'm the bruiser."

"WAS YER RINGIN'?"

I WAS one of a party of cyclists which called at a certain inn in a quaint Yorkshire village. It was a musical party, and the members were amusing themselves by song more than by sentiment, consequently there was very little being drunk.

A knook came at the door and the host made his appearance and asked:

"Was yer ringin', chaps?"

"No, we didn't ring," was the reply.

To which the landlord responded:

"Well, ye'll not stop 'ere unless ye're ringin'."

JUST TO SETTLE HIM.

A SHORT time ago a young couple presented themselves at the Old Church, Sheffield, to be married.

The ceremony went "smoothly as a marriage bell" until the clergyman asked:

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

"No, I won't; and I've often told him so."

"Why, then, did you come to church?" queried the minister.

"Only to tell him, once for all, before you and all present, that I'll have nothing more to do with him!" And she bounced out of church.

HE BLEW TOO MUCH.

JAMIE was complaining to his shopmate Bob one day about the large gas-bills he had to pay since his daughters began courting and entertaining their young men in the room.

"Well, I'll tell you what to do, Jamie," says Bob. "You just blow through the gas-pipe and put back the meter a bit."

As the gasman was to call next day, Jamie thought he would not miss the opportunity, and when he went home he gave it a good blow.

The gasman called next day, and when he read the meter he says:

"Jamie there is something wrong here."

"How's that," says Jamie.

"The company owes you threepence."

"I don't ken why that can be?"

"Oh, I know," replied the gasman, "Jamie, you have just blew too much."

NO GIVING IN.

BROWN was the unhappy possessor of an aching molar. It had been in his possession for thirty years, so he did not like to part with it; but it ached so continuously and intolerably that he at length reluctantly decided that it must go. Accordingly he visited the dentist.

Brown refused to have gas; but when the knight of the forceps began to pull, he regretted his decision.

"Hold on!" he shouted.

"Never fear!" replied the dentist reassuringly.

"Hold on, I say!" yelled Brown, tying his feet in a knot with pain.

"Trust me! I won't let go," answered the dentist, as he tugged harder.

"G-g-gow! Leggo! Hold on!" screamed Brown, endeavouring to seize the operator's hands.

Then the molar came out, the pain ceased, and Brown felt ashamed of himself.

"I was afraid you'd let go," he explained, mendaciously.

"So I perceived," said the dentist, with equal untruth.

AN IRISHMAN'S RUSE.

IN the pioneer days of Victoria, British Columbia, a Hibernian drayman, whose property abutted on to that of a merchant, was very much disgusted to find that the merchant's chickens were constantly in his little garden patch, and would root up his flowers and vegetables.

Appeals to the merchant (who was a patron of the drayman) were of no avail, so the following ruse was adopted:

Our friend from the Emerald Isle purchased some eggs and placed them here and there in his garden. He then awaited the merchant's wife, who would call the chickens to feed them, and, in full view of the lady, picked up the eggs and put them in his hat.

The lady asked Mike what he was doing.

"Oh, getting a few eggs for my breakfast," said he.

"Well," said the lady, "you have no chicken, the eggs are mine."

"Oh, sure are they, mum, then what do they do in my garden? Anything on my premises is my own."

After this the fence was made chicken-proof, and Mike had no more trouble.

DAYS TO REMEMBER.

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

In the picturesque valley of the Wharfe, not far from Ilkley, are the home and worsted mills of Mr. F. W. Fison, M.P., whose fifty-third birthday occurs on Tuesday. The business was founded in 1849 by Mr. Fison's father, who died recently, and it is noteworthy, owing to the fact that Mr. W. E. Forster, the statesman, was one of the partners. For forty-four years they were together, and it has been put on record that they never had a quarrel or serious difference!

Last December GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER V.O., who celebrates his sixty-first birthday on Friday, was in rather a tight corner. It was on December 15th that the reverse at Colenso occurred, when 162 British were killed; and, altogether, General Buller's four attempts to relieve Ladysmith cost over 550 lives, in addition to 2,600 wounded and 570 missing. Sir Redvers, who is now safely back in England, entered the Army as an ensign in the King's Royal Rifles in May, 1858, and attained the rank of General about four years ago.

Few men have had a more honourable connection with our Indian Empire than GENERAL SIR HENRY NORMAN, whose seventy-fourth birthday occurs on December 2nd. So long ago as 1844 he entered the Indian Army, and during the Sikh War of 1848 he was adjutant of the 31st Bengal Native Infantry, a famous battalion whose uniform is red with white facings. When Sir Henry was Governor of Queensland a few years ago, Mr. Gladstone offered him the Viceroyalty of India. This high appointment Sir Henry first accepted and then declined, and he thus missed an almost certain peerage.

At one of his meetings during the recent elections, Dr. Conan Doyle, the well-known novelist, had the original of "Sherlock Holmes" on his platform. This was the distinguished Edinburgh surgeon, Dr. JOSEPH BELL, who becomes sixty-three years old on Monday, December 2nd. In his medical student days, the novelist was under the tuition of Dr. Bell, and the latter's remarkable personality suggested the character that afterwards became so popular. When he was medical examiner for an insurance company, Dr. Bell's powers of diagnosis used to startle applicants who came before him.

The sea is always best described by those who have lived on it. This is the case with Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD, the novelist, who celebrates his forty-third birthday on December 3rd, and who will be better known a few years hence than he is now. Mr. Conrad is a Pole by birth, but when thirteen years' old he went to France, and by the age of sixteen had started life on the sea. He worked his way up through the various grades to the bridge, and during his later years at sea commanded ships engaged in the Australian trade. His wife is an Englishwoman, and he now lives on a farm in Kent.

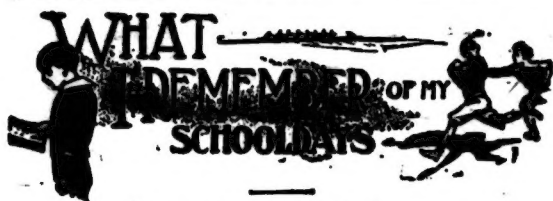
For two hundred years and more there has always been a Keppel in the British Navy, the present representative being CAPTAIN COLIN KEPPEL, who completes his thirty-eighth year on Monday. Since he joined the service, in 1875, Captain Keppel spent some time in Egypt and the Sudan. His father is Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel, who was born six months before the late Mr. Gladstone, and who entered the Royal Navy when the Queen was only three years old. The old Admiral has published his reminiscences under the title of "A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns."

Mrs. PERCY FRANKLAND, who celebrates her forty-second birthday on December 4th, is a well-known authoress and scientific writer. She is the daughter of the late Joseph Toynbee, aural surgeon, and sister of Arnold Toynbee, the philanthropist who lived and died among the poor in Whitechapel. Mrs. Frankland has, independently of her husband, made many original researches on bacteria, and she is the joint author with Professor Frankland of several learned scientific works. She has written a "Life of Pasteur," the eminent French bacteriologist of hydrophobia fame.

The Victoria Cross birthday of the present week is that of CAPTAIN W. T. MARSHALL, who becomes forty-six on December 5th. The gallant captain began his soldiering career as a private in the 19th Hussars in 1873, and he received his commission and V.C. in 1885. He is the quartermaster of the regiment, which was in Ladysmith during the siege. Captain Marshall won his red riband at El Teb in the Sudan, when, after a cavalry charge, he brought his severely-wounded colonel out of action. The colonel was riderless and surrounded by the enemy, and would indubitably have been killed but for the captain's action.

DEAN HOLE is the greatest joker in the Church of England, and what he doesn't know about roses and their culture isn't worth knowing. In consequence, he has, by some people, been called the Dean of "Rosechester" instead of Rochester. The Dean, who celebrates his eighty-first birthday on Wednesday, December 5th, is a very candid man. He tells people what he thinks, and if they don't like it they can lump it! Once he told the late Sir John Millais, the great artist, that he could not paint a rose correctly. "I can reproduce that which I see," replied Millais in self-defence. Then after a pause, he added the compliment, "But you know too much about roses."

Your eyebrows you'll elevate—some remarks also make,
Such as Good! Marvellous! Wonderful! This takes the cake!—I don't quite follow you.



No. 9.—SIGNOR LUIGI ARDITI.

LUIGI ARDITI was born at Crescentino, Piedmont. He was educated at the Milan Conservatoire. Has been a musical conductor in London, Vienna, Madrid, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Havana, and all the cities of the United States; decorated by two Sultans, the King of Italy, and the King of Spain. Composer of the value "Il Bacio," operas, cantatas, and songs.

I AM asked to write what I can remember of my schooldays, an effort requiring rather a stretch of memory at my age, after such a long and varied career in the musical profession, the more so as school in my young days consisted of musical study and little else.

My earliest remembrances begin at the age of seven, when, worrying my father to buy me a violin in preference to any toy, I managed eventually to impress on my parents that the study of that instrument and music could alone satisfy my ambition.

After many discussions and contrary arguments, they finally consented to place me under the tuition of the well known Maestro, Carossini, then residing in Crescentino, Piedmont, where I was born and lived. I made considerable progress. After four years' hard work I managed to get together a small band of six instruments, conducting and playing as leader, and devoting every spare moment to the perfection of my first orchestra.

At the age of twelve, I was allowed a place amongst the violins at the theatre, but being very small for my age a stool was placed on the chair to raise me

TO THE PROPER POSITION.

One evening, during the performance of the tragedy, *Aristodemus*, I fell asleep, tumbled off my stool, and broke my violin to pieces. The anger of my father at this accident very nearly upset all hopes of continuing my musical education; he would not hear of purchasing another instrument, or listen to my prayers for forgiveness.

For three months I gave myself up to despair. With the loss of my violin, I had lost all care or aim for the future, shunning all my companions and seriously injuring my health. My master, together with friends, finally prevailed on my father to understand that I should never be fit for any other profession but that of music. A new violin was purchased, and I set to work to make up for lost time. I was dispatched to Turin to study under Signor Caldera.

In Turin I lived on music, thinking or caring for little else. I conducted an orchestra of amateurs and played solo violin at all church functions. At the age of fourteen my father was persuaded to let me enter, as pupil and boarder, the Conservatoire of Milan, a much more expensive business than at the present day. There, I may say, real school life began, for, though music was always the principal occupation, other lessons and classes were attended.

My four particular chums were Piatti, Bottesini, Yotti, and Fumagalli (Piatti and myself are the only two now alive). We studied together, each at his own instrument, and each one in after years succeeded in leaving a name indorsed by

[THE APPLAUSE OF ALL NATIONS,

the British public in particular. It is the privilege of old age to carp at present institutions and dwell on the better arrangements of former days, but I believe I may with truth assert that the Conservatoire of Milan was in the height of its glory and popularity under the direction of Count Renato Borromeo, during the five years I was an inmate, sending forth yearly vocal and instrumental artists whose names will long be remembered.

Ferrara was my violin master, a most conscientious musician, who endeavoured in every way to assist me in my studies, taking every opportunity of bringing me to the fore by allowing me to sit beside him while conducting his orchestra.

Our master for composition was Vaccaj, the dearest and kindest of critics. How well I remember his manner of judging the merits of our inspirations. He would listen most attentively to a piece written by a pupil, and at the conclusion shake his head and exclaim, "E bello, molto bello, ma, l'abbiamo già riverito." ("It is good, very good, but, we have bowed down and worshipped that melody already")—a delicate way of letting us know we had priggled some other fellow's ideas.

We were very well cared for in the way of food; many were the delicacies we used to exchange with our companions. I had a great love for artichokes, eating them raw, in the Italian fashion, with oil and vinegar, and would joyfully give up my tumbler of wine to any pupil who would oblige me with one—a fact my wife declares she can hardly realise, knowing that at the present day my bottle of claret at dinner is of more importance than the choicest dish she can offer me.

The yearly examinations were the cause of great excitement amongst the pupils, and the distribution of prizes a most serious moment for all. I was always amongst the fortunate recipients, and on the occasion of

the coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand I, I was chosen, together with Piatti and Bottesini, to play at the Casino dei Nobili, where, in the presence of the whole court, we obtained great success and most encouraging praise from the venerable musician, Alessandro Rolla.

My first serious composition was an overture dedicated to Count Borromeo, performed by the pupils under my direction, after which I finished an opera, *I Briganti*, which likewise had the good fortune of being brought out in the same manner.

On attaining my eighteenth year, my father, considering he had spent enough money on my musical education, proposed my beginning to look out for myself in the future. Count Borromeo, who had always taken the greatest interest in me, strongly opposed my leaving the college, knowing how anxious I was to complete my studies. Finding my father decidedly unable to bear any further expense, the Count, in the most generous manner, offered to defray the cost of another year's study. How hard I worked that year; I felt I could never do enough to show my gratitude for

SUCH SPECIAL FAVOUR.

During the holidays I visited my native town, Crescentino, and gave a concert for the benefit of the poor, enjoying a foretaste of the popularity I am proud to say has followed me through a career as varied, eventful, and successful as any musician could hope or aspire to.

For the last examination I wrote a duet for two violins, which I played with Yotti, and from the hands of the Viceroy had the exceptional honour of receiving a violin as prize.

In 1842 I bade adieu to the Conservatoire with feelings of pride at the honours bestowed, but sincere regret at parting from my kind masters and young friends. My school life, as you can perceive, offers little variety to the reader, and differs essentially from that of an English youth. We know nothing of cricket in those days. The game of "laspallas" (or ball) and leap-frog were our amusements in the hours of relaxation; our athletics were performed on our various instruments. Music and the desire to excel in that study was our sole aim; those who really feel and love their art care for little else.

[Next week: George W. E. Russell.]

HOW DO YOU WINK?

PEOPLE'S WAYS WITH "THE OTHER EYE."

THE wink is the sort of hall-mark of a private understanding, and it varies in type and character enormously.

Have you ever noticed the difference between the wink of a handsome cabman and that of his slower brother who drives a four-wheeler? It is very great.

The director of one of "London's gondolas" has achieved the simple art of dropping the left eyelid for a brief moment without the movement of a single other muscle of his face. In him you may see the simple, straightforward wink in all its charm and beauty.

But the driver of the slower and more comical vehicle is curiously different in his way of winking. He ponderously heaves up the whole left side of his body, and the slow convulsion spreads also to his face, the lower half of which rises to meet his eyelid. The whole attitude is more like a fat and lazy trout rising to meet a not reluctant fly.

The comedian's wink upon the music-hall or burlesque stage is quite the ugliest, as it is quite the most expressive of all winks.

Amid a daub of grease paint the knowing wrinkles come and go with an inexpressible slyness. The remaining open eye regards you with a supernatural knowingness, and the comedian's wink hits you in the chest with its vivid pantomime.

The wink of the practical joker is a rapid, malicious wink. When a man is occupied in making another person appear a mere figure of fun, an audience is indispensable to him, and he always winks at the audience. A slight quiver of the eyelid, a twisting of the corners of the mouth is sufficient to convey to you what is toward.

The business wink is probably the most unpleasant wink of all. It is a wink without any accompanying smile rippling over the face. It is a cold, calculating signal to a partner, warning him of some move in the game of getting the better of some third person. It is as though a lizard or a vulture winked.

FIRST PICKPOCKET: "If you knowed he only had a penny, it was hardly worth while pinchin' it."

Second Pickpocket: "Oh! I tuk it on principle."

"My good man," said the fashionably-dressed lady, "have you ever stopped to think how much money is wasted each year on tobacco and whisky?"

"No, mum, I hain't," answered the Object. "It's a-takin' up all my time jist now to calculate how many pore families could be supported on the price of the extra cloth women puts in their sleeves."

SELFISH MAN.

"Oh, mamma!" she sobbed, "I've come back to you."

"Gracious, dear! What's the matter?" exclaimed her mother.

"Oh! that a man could be so selfish—so heartless! And then when I accused him of his selfishness he laughed in my face."

"What was it? How was he selfish?"

"He told me he had got his life insured for £1,000."

OMITTED.

A CERTAIN clergyman who wrote his sermons with the utmost care and logical coherence, once found it desirable, while preaching, to omit a portion of his discourse.

Towards the close of the sermon there was a reference to the omitted passage, a fact the speaker had forgotten for the moment, and then, suddenly remembering it, extricated himself from the difficulty in this way:

"As I have before remarked—er—in a part—er—which I have omitted."

PROFITING BY ADVICE.

A SCHOOL teacher was taking a walk on the evening previous to the annual examination of his school, when he saw coming towards him one of his scholars, a lad who was slow at his books, but at the same time very much in earnest. As the boy approached, the teacher said pleasantly, referring to a small parcel the boy carried:

"Well, Davis, what have you got there?"

"It's only a herring, sir," replied the boy, as he unrolled the paper and exhibited one of those humble fish. "You said last week, sir, that fish was good brain food, and as I know I'm very slow to learn, I bought a herring for my supper so it would help me for tomorrow's examination. It will help, won't it, sir?" asked Davis, anxiously.

"Let us hope that it will, my boy," said the teacher as he went upon his way, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry.

A 'CUTE SHAVER.

AN enterprising hairdresser, in a street turning off Fleet Street, has adopted what he has found to be a most attractive draw, and which takes the form of a double announcement upon the Ten-Pound Note Scheme. Upon a window bill the smart scipio is bold to state that:

PEARSON'S WEEKLY TEN-POUND NOTE
MAY BE
HERE AT ANY MOMENT.

Then follows the tempting assurance that:

THE MAN WITH THE TEN-POUND NOTE
FROM PEARSON'S WEEKLY
COMES HERE TO BE SHAVED.

Although the barber with so keen a wit as to take up a great popular feature has been unable to congratulate one of the many countless customers he has lathered off late, he gives to each what he deems to be a consolation that in the case of everyone the loss was by "a clean shave."

HOW MOODY GOT OUT OF IT.

MANY were the interesting experiences belonging to the first Northfield conference called by D. L. Moody. One especially shows Mr. Moody himself in his varying phases. It was the conversation hour at noon, and about a hundred and fifty men were sitting under the tent.

Mr. Moody, leaning sturdily against the tent pole, led the meeting. Suddenly there came from him the question:

"Brethren, how many of you have so grown in grace that you can bear to have your faults told?"

Many hands went up. Quick as a flash, but neither sharply nor insultingly, Mr. Moody turned to a young minister and said:

"Brother you have spoken thirteen times in twelve days here and perhaps kept out twelve other good men from speaking."

It was true. The young man had been presuming and officious. He had held up his hand, but he could not bear to be chidden, and now he stoutly defended himself, only making matters worse.

Then another minister broke forth and berated Mr. Moody for his bluntness.

The latter blushed, but listened until the reproof was done. Then he suggestively covered his face and spoke through his fingers:

"Brethren, I admit the fault my friend charges me with; but, brethren, I did not hold up my hand!"

You expect something special—'tis usual, you know!

You've never been disappointed so far, I trow!—Say, Mister, what are you talking about, anyway?

The Mystery Man.*

By William Le Queux.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MAN AND WOMAN.

THE truth was instantly plain. My announcement that the police had appeared held her in terror. She, fleeing from her pursuers, feared arrest herself.

A great commotion had been caused both in the house and in the court below, for the denizens of that quarter, alarmed by the shrill note of the constable's whistle, were now on the alert—some to escape, others to watch the proceedings.

Below I heard an exulting lad shout with his Cockney twang:

"Come on, Bill. 'Ere's a woman being murdered!"

The crowd, augmented by many of the passers-by from Dean Street, now pressed round the door, a knot of men in shirt-sleeves and dishevelled women apparently barring the entrance of the curious. It is one of the curiosities of London that a single word or star-gazing action will cause hundreds to assemble and stand agape. Within two minutes of firing my revolver full two hundred persons had assembled in that squalid court.

"The police!" gasped my love, returning to consciousness a few moments later. "Why have you called them? How foolish. I am lost—lost!" she added, white-faced, in sheer desperation.

"We are both in peril here," I answered. "It is our only chance of escape. Dastardly attempts have been made on both your life and mine."

A shout arose from below, mingled with gruff, commanding voices of the constables, and springing back to the open window I saw several police-officers, including a portly sergeant, elbowing their way through the crowd of the curious.

"Now, then, pass along, pass along," he cried. Then addressing someone he asked: "Where's the man who fired that pistol?"

"Here I am," I answered, shouting down. "Come up here."

He gave a glance at me, then, accompanied by a couple of men, entered and came heavily up the stairs.

I went to them on the landing outside and in a few breathless sentences explained how my love had been enticed there, how I had sought to rescue her, how a desperate attempt had been made upon me, and, finally, I showed him the marks of blood upon Eva's bodice.

"Ah, sir," observed the sergeant, "they're a queer lot round here. You ought not to have come here alone. There's a good deal of knifing goes on in this court. Can the lady pick out the man?"

"No," I responded. "The fellow was masked, it seems."

"But how came the lady here?" demanded the officer, rather puzzled.

"I—well, I came at the suggestion of a person I knew," replied Eva falteringly. Her pallor was due, of course, to the terrible shock she had received when the assassin dealt her that blow which he intended to be fatal, but there was, I knew, also another cause, namely, that she had been forced into an explanation to the police.

"The person was a man, and he lived here?" suggested the sergeant, who, although somewhat obese, was nevertheless an intelligent fellow.

She nodded, but no response passed her lips.

"What is his name?"

"It is not necessary to know that," she replied after an awkward pause. "He did not attempt to kill me."

"No, perhaps not," the man answered, "but it was he who entrapped you here, miss, therefore you must kindly tell me his name. Is he one of these foreigners?"

"Yes."

"Come," I urged, "it is best to tell the sergeant his name. He has, according to his duty, to make a report upon the affair even if no further steps are taken. Remember, I have reported a double attempt at murder."

At first she point-blank refused to betray that beetle-browed scoundrel who had so cleverly tricked her, but after a good deal of persuasion admitted that his name was Giovanni Barbieri.

"Did you know him well?" questioned the officer.

"No—at least, not very well."

A constable entered the room and inquired whether any arrest should be made, as the door had been closed below and the people within the place had become furious at their temporary imprisonment.

"We'll see presently," was his superior's response.

"Arise on duty at the door, and let no one pass out."

"A lot of 'em, all foreigners, got away before we arrived, it seems. The people below say so," replied the man.

"At present let nobody out," the sergeant said gruffly. Then with a grin added: "It wouldn't be amiss if the whole crowd were arrested. They've all done something wrong at some time or another, or else they're members of one or other of the secret societies."

"You mean the Mafia," I observed.

"I don't know what they call it, sir," he answered. "I only know that there's a kind of murder society among 'em, and that if we went about alone in this part our lives wouldn't be worth hardly a day's purchase. A constable's life in Soho ain't a very safe one. I tell you I'd rather do a month's night duty down in Cable Street, Whitechapel, or anywhere out in the East End than a week about here. Down the Docks' way if there's a scamp they fight fair; but here they've always got a sly knife up their sleeve, or else the women get a bottle of vitriol handy. They're tricky, are these foreigners."

"But you will not arrest Barbieri," suggested Eva in a

tone which plainly showed an undue anxiety for the well-being of the fellow whose head I had injured by ejecting him down the stairs.

This puzzled me. Although he was plainly her enemy she desired to shield him and allow him to get away scot free. Was this because she feared him? Her anxiety could be due to no other cause.

"If the man is about," answered the sergeant, "we must question him." Then recognising her reluctance to implicate the fellow, he turned to me and asked reflectively: "You told me, I think, that this man who induced the lady to come here attacked you? Then you'd know him and recognise him again?"

"Most certainly," I replied, rather annoyed at Eva's attitude. "He was a dark, thin-faced fellow with black, bushy eye-brows. There's a scoundrel written in every line of his face."

"We must find him," said the officer decisively.

"No," Eva implored. "You must not." Then, turning to me, she added: "Ask him to refrain from doing this, Frank."

"Why?" I queried.

"Because—well, because it would be so fatal to me," she responded in the hoarse voice of one desperate.

"Fatal to you? How can it be?"

"Ah," she cried, "you don't know—you can't know. They will kill me if I speak."

"You fear them?" I said gravely. "Why?"

"You cannot understand," she asserted quickly. "You cannot conceive the far-reaching influence of this band."

"But they have already made unsuccessful attempts upon both our lives," I argued. "Surely it is time now that we sought to defend ourselves."

"You might as well seek to defend yourself from the lightning flash from the heavens as try and remain secure from them if they are betrayed. They believed that I had betrayed them to you because you followed me here, hence their attempt to silence me."

"But if you know whom and what these individuals are," interrupted the sergeant, "it is your duty to inform us."

"It is not my affair," she declared resolutely. "Hence I can give no information."

"But you have already declared them to be a band," he observed dubiously.

"Certainly they are a band."

"Who is at their head?"

"I don't know," she replied lamely.

"And you have no idea—absolutely no idea of who struck you down?" inquired the sergeant, to whom the whole affair seemed an enigma.

"I cannot tell in the least," she replied. "As I've already said, the man wore a mask in order that I should not recognise his features."

The officer looked at her with undisguised doubt, then took from his pocket a small, well-worn note-book and pencil.

"Will you favour me with your name and address, sir?" he asked of me. "I'm bound to report the affair, you know."

I told him, and then at his request gave him Eva's name and address.

"It won't get into the papers, Frank, will it?" she inquired anxiously.

"No," I assured her. "Thousands of such incidents happen every day in London that are not of sufficient importance to be reported."

To the outside public the circumstance was only one which fell under the popular designation of "a row," and rows were generally synonymous with intoxication.

The sergeant gave instructions to one of his subordinates to search for the man called Barbieri, but inquiries made of those below showed that he with several other men had escaped from the place during the first moments of the alarm and had gone along Dean Street in the direction of Shaftesbury Avenue. A search was made of the house by several constables, much to Eva's anxiety, but my assailant was not discovered. He had made a hurried exit.

The police now became inquisitive. My rescuer, the obese sergeant, put various questions to me which I resented and evaded as being somewhat impertinent. He wished to clear up the point how I became aware that Eva was with the Italian, and where I had first seen them. To this I replied vaguely, and on being pressed unduly told him with perhaps more force than politeness that it was no business of his. I had called upon him for protection which I, as a citizen, had a right to do, and there, so far as I was concerned, the matter ended.

He could report to his inspector what he wished, I told him. He had our names and addresses, and they were, I considered, sufficient. By the look upon his countenance I could see that our actions puzzled him. He was an honest fellow enough, but an undiplomatic person, and evidently a blunderer wherever inquiries had to be made. To guard a public thoroughfare or regulate constables on their beat he was an excellent officer, a typical disciplinarian of the

"dark blue brigade." But when it came to criminal investigation, his lack of delicacy and clumsy mode of questioning made it only too apparent that he could never become a candidate for any of the coveted vacancies which sometimes occur at Scotland Yard.

Eva held him in abhorrence, and was fidgety to escape. I saw this, therefore cut him short by observing that it would be best if we left at once.

He did not wish us to go, for what reason was unexplained; but I pointed out that to remain there longer would serve no purpose. Besides, my companion had suffered acutely by reason of her severe wound, and it was necessary that she should see a doctor. The latter argument alone convinced him, and at last he allowed us to descend the stairs, escorted by a constable, and a few minutes later we entered a cab in Dean Street and drove away, after as narrow an escape of our lives as we ever had, or, I hope, ever shall have again.

"You have saved me, Frank," my love whispered, pressing my hand when we were seated in the cab.

The driver asked to where he should drive, and I ordered him to take us to the Royal Free Hospital in the Gray's Inn Road, where I hoped to find my friend Tweedie, who would examine Eva's hurt.

"How was it you accompanied that fellow?" I inquired.

"Why did you do so?"

"He first persuaded me, then forced me."

"Why?"

She was silent for some minutes. Indeed, not until I had repeated my question did she respond.

"Because," she answered with hesitation, "because, Frank, he knew my secret."

"And you feared him?"

"Yes, you are right, I feared him," she answered ambiguously. Even then she seemed determined to tell me absolutely nothing.

"Did he know the secret of Tyrrell, alias Blain?" I asked her gravely, looking her straight in the face.

She started, and turned pale in an instant.

"I—don't understand," she faltered.

"Carry your memory back to the early hours of this very morning—at Bexhill," I said.

"At Bexhill!" she gasped. "Who told you, Frank?"

"No one," I answered. "I was there myself and overheard all your conversation with the man Tyrrell, the notorious forger."

She sat back in the cab dumb-stricken. Her lips moved, but no sound escaped them, until at length she turned to me, and grasping my arm, said hoarsely:

"I was compelled to act as I did, Frank, absolutely compelled—you understand. Judge me how you will, only pity me for the sake of the love you once bore me. That is all—all I ask."

"Who were the men in that house in Diadem Court?" I demanded rather severely.

"The accomplices of the man Tyrrell," she answered. "It is there that the flash notes are made now that the police have raided the factory at Hamburg. The man Barbieri was the chief of the forgers under Tyrrell, and is one of the most desperate characters in Europe. He fled from Italy after shooting dead a carabinieri who pursued him on the road at some out-of-the-way place in the Tuscan Mountains. Those men believed that I had betrayed them, and therefore set a trap to assassinate me."

"And they nearly succeeded," I remarked, while just at that moment the cab pulled up at the hospital and our further conversation was cut short by fortunately coming face to face with Tweedie at the entrance.

Half-an-hour later, when he had carefully probed Eva's wound and pronounced it a purely superficial one and not in the least dangerous, my love accompanied me to Gray's Inn, where, in Dick's absence, we sat alone, and where again I repeated my vows of love.

She was sobbing bitterly while I held her tightly to my breast, telling her the secret of my heart and trying to kiss her tears away, when of a sudden a commotion sounded outside the door of my chambers.

I started quickly and turned, puzzled at the unusual sound of voices, without finishing my sentence. One voice I recognised speaking in deep tones to Mrs. Joad, and, dropping the hand I held, I rushed out upon the landing, closing the door behind me.

As I did so I came face to face with Boyd accompanied by two plain-clothes officers. The inquisitive sergeant who had ascertained our names had betrayed us.

"We've followed her here," he explained. "She means to get away abroad, therefore we must now execute the warrant. I regret it, Mr. Urwin, for your sake."

A loud piercing shriek from within told me that my love had overheard those fatal words.

"No," I cried. "By Heaven, Boyd, you shan't arrest her!" and I resolutely barred his passage to the inner room. "As I love her you shall never enter there. She shall never be taken as a common criminal."

(To be continued.)

NEW SERIAL STORY STARTS IN THREE WEEKS' TIME.

Those readers who remember "The Final War," which appeared in *Pearson's Weekly* four years ago will be interested to know that Mr. Louis Tracy is now writing a powerful new domestic novel entitled:

"THE GREAT STRIKE," A NORTH COUNTRY STORY OF TO-DAY.

No finer work of fiction of this particular description has ever been written. It grips the reader's attention from the first chapter, and maintains its interest throughout. A powerful pen-picture is drawn of home life in an industrial village, which will appeal to every home-loving Britisher.

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT WILL APPEAR IN "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

*Copyright by William Le Queux in the United States of America, 1900.

Good all the year round—but at Christmas she bumps.
First-raters! Excelsiors! dished up in lumps.—Well, put me down on!



A RACE OF GIANTS WHO, UNDER A BANE, HAVE BECOME FIGMIES.

THAT indomitable spirit of curiosity, which may be described as the parent of progress, has of recent years guarded secrets that little now remains to be disclosed. The Briton, being quite as curious as he is adventurous, has found in the great ocean endless employment for his spirit of discovery.

One spot and one spot only in this vast expanse of waters still defies his efforts. This place is known as Easter Island, or as it is generally called, "The Mystery of the Pacific." Conceive an island only eleven miles long and four broad, 1,500 miles from the nearest land (Pitcairns) and 2,300 from Chili.

This island is called the Mystery of the Pacific because it lies under a mysterious bane. Once upon a time it was fertile enough to support in comfort thousands of inhabitants. Then the withering hand of sterility descended on its fair plains. To-day its ever-dwindling population obtains but the scantiest sustenance. But this is not all. The race who not so many years ago inhabited it have unaccountably degenerated.

When discovered by Davis sometime in the last century, Rapauni, as it was originally called, was inhabited by a race of giants, strong, robust, and all over six feet. This description is confirmed by Behrens, an old explorer, who said the people were of extraordinary size and fierceness, the men averaging twelve feet and the women ten feet, and the Dutch Admiral Roggemoen, who with a large fleet—three ships—whilst endeavouring to make Davis Island, discovered, as he thought, an unknown land. This happened on Easter Sunday, April 7th, 1722.

Believing it to be the very land he was in search of he christened the spot Easter Island. The admiral agrees that the people were of great size, and further that they were armed with such powerful teeth as to be capable of cracking nuts with

SHELLS AS THICK AS PEACH STONES.

Whilst looking for an advantageous mooring place, the boat in which he was reconnoitring was boarded by a gigantic native, whose formidable appearance was heightened by a patchwork of lurid designs literally covering every square inch of his body and painted in the most striking colours.

When the Dutchmen's acquaintanceship with the islanders ripened, they were surprised to find that for all their size, strength, and swiftness of foot, they were extremely unwarlike. Instead of fighting they preferred relying on the supernatural assistance of the deities ranged round the coast. When the Dutchmen did anything which displeased them the natives would prostrate themselves at the foot of these grim, silent monsters and offer up prayer. Nothing of course followed, but as retribution often comes slowly, the worshippers were probably content to wait for the day of reckoning.

Now, although all that has been described only happened last century, these facts are recalled because these people are concerned in the mystery which travellers have hitherto failed to penetrate. There were thousands of these gigantic people on Easter Island in the last century, probably 20,000. There is not one left to-day. They have not only disappeared, but their place has been filled by some most

DEGENERATE DESCENDANTS.

Both Davis and the Dutchmen lay special stress on the fertility of the soil. The bay speak of fruits, corn, and fowls, the admiral especially being so struck by the abundance and quality of the produce that on his return he recommended the island to the Government as a suitable place for emigrants.

And now for the bane. The period at which these unhappy people strayed from the beaten paths of their ancient religion is lost in the mists of antiquity. Suffice it to say that many, many years ago the inhabitants of a certain island in the South Pacific became faithless to their religion, which for untold ages had been the worship of the sun.

For some reason, probably because Nature abhors sameness, the sun, weary of perpetually ripening fruit and being a paradise for those who love to bask and revel in its genial warmth, surrendered its ripening to the wind, rain and waves. The people grew so frightened and eventually so disgusted at contemplating skies of inky blackness, and listening to the howling of the winds and the roar of the ocean, that they flew into a passion, and, reviling the sun they had formerly so adored, commenced carving a brand new set of gods out of stone. When the king remonstrated they killed him. One dark night shortly after, an awful voice rang through the little island.

The bane was proclaimed: "Wherever they went,

whatever they did, famine and ruin and decay were to dog their footsteps." To escape the horrors of so dread a visitation, the islanders took counsel. A year later, a little expedition put out to sea. The leading boats contained the islanders, the hinder the gods of their new religion.

As some of these were of colossal size, the labour of towing them was very great, but as people will do much to escape a "bane," the rowers persevered, landing at length on the island which forms the subject of this article.

It is highly probable that on arriving the islanders congratulated themselves on their escape, but, if they did, they acted a little prematurely, for when the adventurous spirits who a century or so ago took to exploring the world and discovered Easter Island, the people were already in the last stages of decay.

The most interesting feature of this wonderful island to-day are the statues. All round the coast there are numerous platforms in ruins on which statues, numbering 545, stood. The platforms number 113. The majority are twenty feet to thirty feet high, and 300 feet to 400 feet long. The Tongariki platform is 540 feet long, including wings. Before the

STATUES WERE THROWN DOWN

it boasted fifteen.

An examination of the workshops still in existence, makes it clear that for some reason the work in progress was suddenly stopped, there being no fewer than 155 images in various stages of preparation. What makes the matter still stranger is the fact that, although the statues remain, the tools of the workpeople have all disappeared.

A sort of stone chisel was found some years ago by an exploring party, but taking into consideration the highly ingenious drawings of mythical animals which adorn the walls of the hundred houses, once the abode of the giants, the wooden tablets covered with hieroglyphics (pictorial writing), it is extremely unlikely that a people who could draw so well should have worked with stone chisels. The inscriptions confirm the idea of Easter Island having been within a very recent period the home of two distinct races. They show that they were the work of a people who understood reading and writing. All accounts agree that the present race know nothing of either accomplishment, all of which shows what a bane can do.

USING A TENOR AS A DRAIN-PIPE.

"JACK" WILSON, whose tomb is in the Little Cloisters at Westminster Abbey, was Shakespeare's tenor. He died at the age of seventy-eight, in 1673. The inscription on his tomb at the Abbey was much obliterated, and under the direction of an antiquary a man was employed to recut the letters.

The antiquary stood looking over him, so that he should make no mistake, and to make the time go pleasantly, he dwelt at great length to the workman upon the grandeur and merits of the deceased.

The man eventually stopped his work, and, looking up at the antiquary, said: "I wish, sir, that we had known that he was such a swell afore, we run that there drain-pipe through him!"

'A MAP ON MABEL'S FACE.

"MABEL" called the mother over the banisters, as she heard the front door close.

"Yes, mamma," replied a sweet girlish voice, and Mabel Grogan slowly framed herself in the darkness of the staircase.

"Do you know it is twenty minutes past eleven?" came in cold tones from the figure at the top of the stairs.

"Mamma, we hadn't the slightest idea it was so late," said the young girl earnestly. "You see," she continued, "Mr. Tinberry has been telling me about China and Japan. He said everybody ought to know about the recent war, and it was so interesting we never thought how late it was getting. Do you know, mamma," added the sweet girl, as she reached the landing, "that in China they—"

"Did Mr. Tinberry draw a map of China on your face?" asked Mrs. Grogan sternly.

"Why, mamma?" asked the daughter in a startled tone.

The young girl rushed to the mirror and saw with horror-stricken glance that the left side of her face was streaked and stained with ink.

"Good gracious," she screamed, "his fountain pen must have leaked," and with a shriek of horror the beautiful girl fell fainting on the floor.

"THE man you hear singing about a 'Home on the Ocean Wave,' the first night on shipboard," said the Observer of Events and Things, "the next day is apt to look homesick."

HE: "A woman's face shows her talent."

SHE: "How so?"

HE: "Well, there's Miss Antiquate, for example. Her face tells me that she is a great artist."

THE LAMP THAT WOULDN'T LIGHT.

A DEAR old country parson and his wife paid a visit to the seaside. While the simple pair were walking on the beach one evening they suddenly noticed the revolving light of a lightship.

The old lady gazed at it with open eyes for some minutes, then she turned to her husband with a puzzled look:

"Well," she exclaimed, "if the man in that ship hasn't lit that light this forty times, and it has gone out every time."

WORSE THAN HIS OWN.

A GENTLEMAN, who owns one of the finest estates in the north of Ireland, while in his gardens one morning noticed one of the labourers very ladly clad, and asked him:

"Have you no better clothes than those, Mat?"

"No, in troth, yer honour, worse luck," replied Mat.

"Well, call at the house this evening on your way home," said the gentleman. "I'll leave an old suit of mine with the butler for you."

A few days later, when showing a party of visitors through the gardens, he was much annoyed to see Mat looking, if possible, more a scarecrow than ever.

"Why are you still wearing those old clothes, Mat?" he asked.

"Sure, yer honour, they're the best I have," replied Mat.

"But did you not get the suit I left for you the other day?" asked the gentleman.

"Indeed, an' I did, thank yer honour, kindly," replied Mat: "but sure I had to lave them at home to be mended."

THEY MAKE THEIR OWN ENVELOPES.

IN these days of cheap stationery it is astonishing to learn that there still exists a class of people who persist in manufacturing their own envelopes. I am well acquainted with one individual who always incloses his missives in pink blotting-paper; he cuts out a square piece, folds it envelope-fashion, and seals the packet with an old-fashioned wafer.

He gives no real reason for this exceptional conduct, but the conventional envelope he avoids as he would the plague. On one occasion I asked him why he did not ring the changes by using white blotting paper; he observed, that pink was his lucky colour; beyond which he seemed disinclined to go more deeply into the matter.

A postmaster told me that many stingy people use the telegraph forms as a wrapper for their missives. One old lady proved most provoking. Entering the office she would purchase a few stamps, borrow a pen and ink, and, after spending half-an-hour at the desk, with an equanimity that a bold man might envy, would calmly ask for a gum bottle and brush. A telegraph form was then dexterously manipulated, pasted down, and my lady sailed towards the letter box, conscious of a duty well performed.

I had occasion to chat with a railway official some time ago, and he told me that many people who entertained no notion of going on an excursion would take dozens of bills from the boards. He often wondered what were done with these, and a fussy old gentleman served to enlighten him. He said that hundreds were used as envelopes; he knew this as a truth; he had used "excursion bills" for years to answer this purpose.

Exceptionally painstaking was the woman who made her own envelopes of cotton. Asked if she was in the habit of sending money or valuables needing an extra strong cover, she replied in the negative, but failed to understand why people ventured to entrust their letters within a flimsy paper cover.

The cotton envelopes were not pasted to form but firmly stitched. She considered the manufacture of three envelopes a good afternoon's work. When inclined to be unusually industrious she would mark her initials in coloured silk on the flap. Fancy all this labour when one can purchase a packet of decent envelopes for two-pence!

Equally fastidious is a Surrey gentleman now upwards of eighty years old. His envelopes are fashioned by his daughter, and are made of stout parchment paper. The size is large—about that of a half sheet of writing-paper—and the flaps are always sealed with ultramarine coloured wax.

£25 IN PRIZES.

PEARSON'S

TALKING

PUZZLE.

Second Edition Now Ready:

Price 6d.; Post Free from this Office, 7½d.

Walk up! Ladies and gentlemen, don't be outdone!
For the last time of asking: Going; Going; Gone!—That's my bid!

SCALPERS AND SKINNERS.

HOW THE KANGAROO IS HUNTED FOR ITS SKIN.

KANGAROO hunting, in addition to being both a novel and exciting form of the chase, can certainly be classed as a commercial asset in the industrious life of the Australian colonials.

This was first brought about by the Act passed for rewarding whoever might destroy noxious animals, payment for results being made upon production of the scalps of the slain.

The recognition which the kangaroo skin at length received as of marketable value, combined with the bonus paid for the ears and nose of the big marsupial, has tended to make the hunting of kangaroos a profitable living.

This business-like sport requires good horsemanship, the hunter having at times to ride a hundred miles with his skins, whilst most of the shooting is now done in the saddle.

For such purposes there could be no better mount than the bush horse. He is swift and capable of making long and rapid journeys, even when fed on only the ordinary herbage of the country; and in times of drought, when the grass and water have become scanty, these plucky little animals often perform astonishing feats of endurance.

"Scalpers" usually work either two or three together, and generally have some form of camp as their headquarters for the time being.

Dogs were formerly used at kangaroo hunts, but are now entirely dispensed with for such a purpose. There is now, instead, more careful stalking and long range potting than in the early times, when the bushman made coursing a part of his sport.

One gun is worth many dogs in hunting the kangaroo, and the weapon finding much favour for such a purpose is a small-bore rifle, mostly of the Winchester pattern. These guns are very sharp sighted, and remarkable for their extremely light triggers, the "pull" being only from two to two and a half pounds.

A scalper expects to fire at least 5,000 rounds during a hunting season, and will wear out a rifle, in the way of smoothing its grooves, in a couple of years. When not shooting on horseback, the kangaroo hunter usually fires sitting down, resting an elbow on each knee.

Sometimes, however, the military "kneeling" is observed; in fact, the bushman sniffs himself to any position in bringing down his game, just as he does to any particular event that might arise in his wild and eventful life.

When the scalper desires to realise on his scalps, he takes the evidences of his pest destruction to a "reserve," for which receipts are given in return, and such acknowledgments are as good as a cheque.

Skinning a kangaroo is most deftly carried out by the scalp-hunters. After being ripped open with the knife, the skin is punched back, the hands are placed around the animal's back, inside, and the hide is peeled off the carcass in a moment or two.

The hunters return to camp each evening, when the skins are stretched out with wire pegs sharpened at one end and driven into the ground one inch apart round the skin. An arsenic solution is then rubbed into the hide as a protection against weevils.

The greatest quantities of exported kangaroo skins are shipped from Sydney and other Australian ports to America, where "kangaroo" has become a popular fur. That it should, to any extent, have become a part of the apparel of rank and fashion is not a little remarkable.

For centuries the kangaroo skin was worn only by the otherwise nude aborigines; now the Society beauty may consider herself up-to-date in kangaroo fur, however it might be dressed and prepared, probably little realising that the fashion of wearing kangaroo fur was set long generations ago by the black belles of the Australian bush.

The scalpers, as huntsmen, are an object-lesson to many so-called civilised sportsmen, in that they show no cruelty towards their quarry. The object of these bushmen is not to pursue or worry the kangaroo, but to speedily effect its destruction as a noxious pest to agriculture, and to secure the valuable "jacket" that the big marsupial wears.

There has ever been with the Australian settlers quite an affection for both the kangaroo and the opossum, and it is no uncommon sight to see the bushmen around their little camp fire at the close of day with the marsupials playing near.

Many a little kangaroo or opossum has been the pet of the scalper and the bushman, nor could there be a more true, if rough friend, than the big game hunter of Australia's wilds.

Scalpers and skimmers are not likely, for a long time yet, to bring about anything like the extermination of the kangaroo. In one year in New South Wales alone the butchers' bill of these hunters stood at nearly 2,000,000 kangaroos and wallabies (the latter a smaller species of the former), and yet there must remain throughout Australia many millions of these fast multiplying creatures.

The old school of scalpers is nearly extinct, and there is hardly a probability of any new kangaroo-hunters confining their pursuit to the mere raising of the fur, in order to qualify for the reward of the Obnoxious Animals Act, for the kangaroo's hide appears certain to become ever increasing in value as a market commodity.

FACTS FOR FOOTBALLERS.

PROFESSIONALISM was legalised in 1885.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY'S defeat of the Harlequins by four goals and no tries is a record score for both victor and vanquished.

ON November 17th Sunderland beat Stoke by six goals to one. In eleven previous games the Wearaiders had only notched fourteen goals.

THE adoption of scarlet jerseys by Aston Villa was only a temporary measure. The players have now returned to the chocolate and light blue.

By defeating Somerset on November 10th, Cornwall gained their first success during the eight years in which they have taken part in the Rugby County Championship Competition.

TURTON, a village near Bolton, has the credit of turning out more first division players now in the field than any hamlet of its size in England. It also gave the League its present president.

It is not unlikely that the Oxford and Cambridge University Association Football Clubs may decide to again enter for the English Cup next season. Oxford won the competition in 1873-4, and on three other occasions figured in the final tie.

A FEATURE of 'Varsity Rugby football this season is the marvellous place-kicking of Rogers (Oxford) and Sagar (Cambridge). The Oxonian has, at the moment of writing, contributed sixteen consecutive tries for the Dark Blues, and the Cantab seven.

AN Irish newspaper has been endeavouring to ascertain, by means of a voting competition amongst its readers, who is the most popular player in Belfast. So far Torrains, of Linfield, whose name was recently mentioned in these notes as having played for Ireland both as forward and full-back, easily heads the poll, having secured more than three times as many votes as Pyper, his runner-up.

WHEN Gloucester went down before Richmond last month they lost a double record of which they were deservedly proud. Until the game in question they had won all their matches in London, and they had not been beaten by an English club for nearly a season and a half.

BOLTON WANDERERS secured their record gate on November 3rd last, the occasion being their first encounter in League football with Manchester City. The total receipts amounted to £565, which is, however, £215 less than was taken on the Wanderers' ground when Liverpool and Sheffield United played their semi-final in the English Cup there in 1898.

A BIRMINGHAM scribe, writing of the Small Heath v. Gainsborough match said: "Leake scored a goal in the first half second." One is minded to believe that this gentleman was formerly in the police force, with a large experience in timing scorching cyclists, for the ball, to cover the distance from the centre line to the net, must travel at the rate of four miles a minute.

THE recent appointment of D. Calderhead, of Notts County, to the secretaryship of Lincoln City recalls the fact that at the present moment there are at least three other League players who occupy the position of secretary to important clubs. They are J. Somerville, of the Bolton Wanderers, and once again in the First Division of the League, J. Sharp, of Reading, and J. Cameron, of Tottenham Hotspur. The last named is also secretary of the Players' Union. It will be noted that all four are cannie Scots.

LIKE a policeman's, a football legislator's lot is not a happy one. Take the programme of Mr. J. J. Bentley, the League President, during a recent week: Monday Referees' Committee of the Football Association, followed by a couple of hours with the Consecutive Committee; Tuesday, all-day sitting of the League Committee and a meeting in the evening of the Liverpool and District Referees' Association; Thursday, a meeting of the Lancashire Football Association; Friday, Football Association Divisional Committee meeting; Saturday, a football match to attend. And all this is done purely for the love of the game.

Pearson's Football Pictures.

£100 IN PRIZES.

1st Prize - - - £50 in Gold.

2nd Prize " " " £10 Note | 6th to 20th Prizes - 15 Sovereigns
3rd, 4th, and 5th Prizes - 3 £5 Notes | 21st to 40th Prizes - 20 Half-Sovs.

Below will be found ten pictures; each picture representing the name of a well-known football player.

If you look at the picture in the margin you will see that the name is Maxwell. What are the other names?

All you have to do is to write underneath each picture, in the space provided, the name of the player you believe the picture to represent. Then keep the list by you until THREE other lists have appeared. We will tell you when to send them in.

You may send in as many separate attempts as you like when the time comes; but each set of four lists must be sent in separate envelopes, and will be considered as different attempts.

Only one solution is allowed under each picture.

Where two men bear the same surname, but different christian names, the christian name is indicated in the picture.

The prizes will be paid to the competitors from whom we receive the correct, or most nearly correct, solutions.

No more than one prize will go to any competitor.

It must be taken as a condition of the competition that anybody competing therein agrees to abide by the Editor's final decision.

Intending competitors in the above would do well to procure a copy of "The Football Who's Who," which contains the names of about a thousand of the best known players. This book will be found of great service in discovering the names depicted. It only costs a shilling, and may be obtained of all booksellers, and post free for 1s. 3d. from the publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



No. 1.....



No. 2.....



No. 3.....



No. 4.....



No. 5.....



No. 6.....



No. 7.....



No. 8.....



No. 9.....



No. 10.....

Name..... Address.....

£100 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

Till you've bought the Extra "P.W." Christmas Number.—Ha! Ha! I've done that—weeks ago!

KINKS IN THE BRAIN.

THE psychology of thinking is a study that is always perplexing students, and physicians are always being confronted with curiosities of mental sickness that can in no way be classed as examples of lunacy, but that betray instead how complex and bewildering a thing the human brain is.

Men have been known to look at their own sons and yet fail to recognise them, though they were sitting and talking together a few hours previously, while another man declared that whenever he played a musical instrument everything seemed to take a red tint.

Then there is another side to the eccentricities of thinking that calls for some explanation, and that is as regards the case of men who are possessed of abnormal gifts in the direction of their brain in one particular study. For instance, some time ago there lived a man who was unable to read or write. Yet the most abstruse problems in arithmetic were nothing to him, while he could add and subtract mentally with lightning rapidity. Did you ask him to add up a huge sum in his mind, he would do so almost before the figures were out of your mouth, and when you sat down and laboriously added up the sum you would find him absolutely correct.

Then there are other forms of thinking which are puzzling to the psychologist.

For instance, one old lady could never look at a match-box without at once becoming possessed of the thought: "Are those matches safe? Can they not get out and catch fire?" She had then to seize the match-box and convince herself that her suspicions were groundless, yet no sooner had she set the matches down than again came the haunting dread, and for this she could give no explanation whatever.

Another familiar case is that of the man who, having locked his house up at night, must needs get out of bed to go downstairs and see that the house is locked up.

"Did I do it? Did I not? Did I turn the dining-room gas out, or didn't I?" We worry over the thought, and at last we have to trail downstairs, to find the dining-room plunged in Stygian gloom.

A woman once had an impulse that made her count everything. If she went into a room, she at once counted the chairs, the objects on a table, the ornaments. If she talked, she counted mentally the words she uttered; if anyone talked to her, she had to count the words of the speaker. Yet she was perfectly sane; only on this one subject her nervous temperament would not give her rest.

There is no really satisfactory explanation to be found for these extraordinary mental traits; they remain as affording opportunity for study and research.

LOVE'S TRAGEDY.

HER eyes flashed and her cheeks flamed with anger. "Sir!" she cried, stamping her foot, "I insist that you return my letters."

With a gesture of humility he approached her. "Darling!" he pleaded; "give me but one more chance."

She stood haughty and cold. "Mr. Cadwallader—"

In her voice there was no mercy. "—you heard me insist."

Instantly his manner changed. "Very well," he scornfully rejoined, as he placed the package of missives in her hand; "you can post them yourself, Mrs. Cadwallader."

During breakfast they never spoke a word.

Well, What Do You Think of the "Twenty Teazer"?

ISN'T IT A LITTLE RASCAL?
CAN YOU DO IT?
CAN YOUR FRIENDS DO IT?
It is One of the most Teazing Teazers that ever Teazed a Teazed Public.

It is not much to look at. You would think there was nothing in it. You would think you could do it on your head in the dark. But you can't.

You sit down at a table after tea with the "Twenty Teazer" in front of you, and you say to your wife, "Now, just time me, and see how quickly I can do this alleged 'Teazer!'" And then you begin.

About two in the morning your wife comes down in her dressing-gown with a candle to find you grovelling on the ground with your coat off and your collar undone, hunting round for the fifth square block of wood which you are convinced must have been in the box.

But you are wrong; there are only four, and the "Teazer" can be untazed.

One point, however, you should bear in mind, that it is not necessary for the numerals to be all facing the same way. Some of them may be upside down, others may be end on, just as you fancy.

THE PRICE IS SIXPENCE, and you can get it from any newsagent or bookstall clerk. You can try to do it in the train, or on the 'bus, at home, or up in a balloon, or anywhere except in your bath. Even there you can do it if you can keep the water steady. The "Twenty Teazer" won't wash clothes; is not a tobacco or a carpet-sweeper; doesn't bark or bite or try to borrow money from you. It simply consists of four harmless little squares of wood in a neat little oblong box.

BOXERS AS BRINE BOILERS.

FAR away up the Yang-tze in Western China lies the salt factory of Taz-lin Tsing. It is probably the most extraordinary factory of its kind in the world, for the district in which it is built supplies not only the brine from which the salt is extracted, but also the fire by means of which the brine is boiled.

Briefly, Taz-lin Tsing is built over a huge natural well of brine and hydrogen gas, which lies some 2,500ft. below the surface. The way in which this huge natural treasure chamber (for salt is very valuable in the East) is tapped by guileless John does as much credit to his perseverance as to his unshakable conservatism. He attaches a heavy steel weight to an improvised rope of bamboo, and by continually dropping the weight on to the rocky ground from a bamboo framework, gradually pierces a tiny artesian well to the brine lake.

The average well, which is only a few inches in diameter, takes five years to bore, and the usual symptoms of success are a terrific blast of hydrogen gas which will speedily blow its lucky proprietor to pieces, and he step not smartly backward.

The next step is to harness his newly-found property. The top end of the well is pierced by a large number of bamboo pipes, through which the gas is led off to the boiling vats. Meanwhile a huge stage is erected over the well, a "mouth and bucket," consisting of from twenty to fifty feet of the ubiquitous hollow bamboo, is attached by the necessary length of rope to a winding wheel actuated by from one to four bullocks.

A bucket of this nature will hoist some two hundred-weight of brine at a time, or about ten hundredweight per hour. This fluid is valued according to its colour, the light yellow qualities being the cheapest, and the black being the most prized.

For the purpose of facilitating the deposit of the salt crystals, a preparation of bean juice is mixed with the boiling mass.

It is calculated that this district supplies a population three-quarters the size of that of the United Kingdom. Nevertheless, the Chinese coolie pays a far higher rate than the British matron for his salt. This is, of course, thanks to the mandarins and the difficulties of carriage. In this way it is no uncommon thing for the price of the precious mineral to go up as much as twelve times between the factory and the consumer, the factory turning it out at the (for China) exceedingly dear rate of one halfpenny per pound.

As it is possible for a coolie to live comfortably upon the Chinese equivalent of threepence per diem, it will be seen that the sixpence a pound he is frequently called upon to pay for salt is in reality an iniquitous exaction, which would only be tolerated by the downtrodden race to which he belongs.

SEND AND BE DELIGHTED.

OUR BARGAIN OFFER.

BROWN & CO. take pleasure in announcing that they are in a position to offer their **THREE-AND-A-HALF FOOT**, very powerful TELESCOPE, the "COMPANION," MADE OF BRASS, at only 6s. 6d. post free. Foreign Orders, 1s. extra. This extraordinary offer is made to introduce our goods, and sell our **GENUINE** articles at a cheap price. **YOU SHOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT!** A luncheon set can be made of a Telescope. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Every journeyer in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure the "COMPANION" Telescope. To tourists it is indispensable, and no farmer should be without one. Useful in hunting stock and game. For inspecting fences and hedges the "COMPANION" will save miles of travel every year. With a telescope you can watch employees at a distance, &c.

5 to 10 MILES RANGE. **JUST WHAT YOU WANT** **ONLY 6/6 POST FREE**

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"THE COMPANION" TELESCOPE.—IT IS A FACT IN FIVE SECTIONS. Each section is MADE OF BRASS, beautifully finished, and the Telescopes are BRASS BOUND WITH BRASS SAFETY CAP each & d to exclude dust, &c., and with POWERFUL LENSES continuously ground and adjusted. GUARANTEED BY THE MAKER. Telescopes this size sell, at a rate, at from 2 to 3 guineas. Most easily packed, post free, for 6s. 6d. Foreign orders, 1s. 6d. extra. A MOST SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

SOME TESTIMONIALS FROM OUR CUSTOMERS.

THE GAIETY, Chatham, August, 1900. I enclose P.O.'s. I think you will have orders from some of my friends.—DOLPH WHEELER. Langham Hotel, Portland Place.

Gentlemen,—I received the "Companion" Telescope this morning, and much say is in a beautiful article, and how you can sell it at the price is a marvel to me. It brings out objects miles away with wonderful clearness. Please send me another one, for which I am very grateful.—W. HANCOCK.

Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for the "Companion" Telescope to hand this morning, and am pleased to say it quite realises my expectations. For an instrument of its utility the price is ridon.

lovely cheap. I shall have pleasure in recommending the Telescope to my friends.—F. DAIN-HUPWOOD. 20 High Street, Shaftesbury, October, 1900.

Sir,—Telescope received early this morning. Find it an EXCELLENT instrument.—(Signed) F. W. STRANGE.

WE WARRANT EACH "COMPANION" Telescope made of Brass, and exactly as represented, or your money refunded. SEND AT ONCE for the "COMPANION" AND BE HAPPY.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—MADE OF CARDBOARD, advertised by other firms representing them over 10 feet in five sections.

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FREE

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Just send us a STAMPED ADDRESS ENVELOPE, and say that you will either sell the Jewellery or return it to us if you fail to sell it. On receiving your letter we will at once post you the Jewellery.

When sold, send us the 12s. 6d. you have received for same, and we will at once send you a beautiful Free, our 21 10s. Real Silver Watch, with Chain, or the Gold Ring, whichever you desire. A Written Guarantee for Ten Years sent with each watch.

You can sell our Jewellery in a few minutes at 12s. 6d. each article. We have thousands of testimonials as to the quality and value both of our Jewellery and Presents.

SEND NO MONEY. WRITE TO-DAY.

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Emigration to Canada.

Canada offers great advantages to settlers, including free grants of 160 acres of land, improved farms at reasonable prices, fine climate, no rent, light taxes, free schools, good markets, rapidly developing industries, and large import and export trade. Pamphlets, maps, and full particulars (supplied post free) may be obtained from the High Commissioner for Canada, 17 Victoria Street, London, S.W., or from the Allan, Dominion and Elder Dempster Steamship Companies, or their Local Agents, or the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Write for particulars.

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We are the world's greatest and cheapest cycle suppliers. We sell at 4s. 18s. 8d. up for money down, or 1 shilling a week in regular payments. Two years' warranty. 1901 models. Machines of unsurpassed excellence. Thousands of satisfied riders. Send stamp for catalogue.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

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The finest and most economical polish in the world for every description of metal work. Absolutely non-injurious to either skin or metal work.

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HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

White Spots on Furniture may be speedily removed by rubbing with a rag dipped in spirits of camphor.

Vegetable Course for Winter. Boil carrots till tender, and mash with pepper, butter, and salt. Press into a mould, heat through, and turn out to serve.

To Prevent Bright Stew-pans from being blackened, rub them over with a little fat before setting on the stove. After use, wash with plenty of hot soda water and soap, and they will be speedily clean and bright.

Punch for Christmastide should be prepared as follows: Place in a suitable bowl half-a-pound of loaf sugar, the juice and rind of a lemon, and the juice of two oranges; pour over a quart of boiling water, stir thoroughly, and then add half-a-pint of good old rum and a gill of brandy. (Reply to F. S. T.)

Macaroni Pie. Line a pie-dish with carefully boiled macaroni, fill the dish with nicely seasoned chopped meat. Over all, pour some good cold gravy or stock. Put a layer more of macaroni on the top, dust a few breadcrumbs and some grated cheese over the pie. Bake for about twenty minutes and serve very hot.

Certainly Make Sleeping Suits for your Children; in every way they are more healthy than nightdresses. Use a good flannel; or if you cannot afford that, a good flannelette; and if you have no pattern, write for one to this office. No. 1188, price 3d., would suit your purpose. State the age of child you require it for when writing. (Reply to M. A. WILKINS.)

A Good Plain Mutton Broth may be made as follows: Take two pounds of the scrag end of neck of mutton, remove all fat, and cut it in pieces. Place the meat in a pan, and add to it two quarts of water, two ounces of pearl barley, with pepper and salt to flavour. Boil it slowly till all the goodness is extracted from the meat, skimming it carefully meanwhile. Strain carefully before serving, and add any seasoning desired. When making broth for invalids, never use any herbs or onions, as they are often prohibited from the diet.

Choux Paste. Put half-a-pint of hot water into a small sauce-pan, with four ounces of butter, and two ounces of sugar. When the water, etc., boils up, stir it, and gradually add five ounces of finely sifted flour, and stir quickly till the mixture is quite stiff and dry. Take the sauce-pan off the fire, and stir the contents for about ten minutes, then add four eggs, one at a time, beat the mixture thoroughly with a wooden spoon and leave it to get cold. Butter a baking-sheet, lay the paste on it with a teaspoon, or through a forcing bag, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. (Reply to M. A. T.)

To Keep the Hands Smooth in Winter weather is a difficult matter for persons with delicate skins. They should be careful to avoid extremes of hot and cold water. Even when doing housework, only moderately hot water need be used. After washing the hands, avoid going near the fire or the open window, and at all times dry the hands carefully. At night apply a mixture of oil and glycerine in equal parts. This simple remedy is one of the best for chaps and roughness of the hands. For all kinds of work when it is not necessary to wet the hands, it is advisable to wear loose gloves, for in this way the hands are kept from getting very dirty, and the nails also are protected. It is a good plan for those who suffer from chilblains to keep a piece of strong flannel on the towel rails, to use for drying the hands after the ordinary towel is used. (Reply to VERA)

A SUGGESTION FOR
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

You would like to make something, of course. But you do not know what to make? Then order at once from your newsagent ISOBEL'S NEEDLEWORK, price 2d. This excellent work, which contains over sixty illustrations, will be on sale on December 1st, and the demand is bound to be unprecedented. Three pretty table centres, a crochet chemise top, easy smocking lessons, a child's sock and vest, home-made serviette rings, embroidered initials, and dozens of other useful things are given.

Sardines dipped into boiling water, skinned, boned, and pounded in a mortar, make excellent sandwiches.

Pour Scalding Water over Apples and the skins will be more easily removed and labour saved.

Baked Potatoes are much improved by first boiling for about ten minutes with the skins on, and then draining before putting them in the oven.

When Cleaning Grates, try adding methy- instead of water, to the blacklead to moisten it. This will result in a very good polish from a small amount of elbow-grease.

To Clean White Satin, Mix fine sifted breadcrumbs with powdered blue, and rub these thoroughly all over the satin, then shake it and dust with a soft handkerchief. Brush the way of the nap, with a piece of flannel. (Reply to EDNA T.)

A Cheap Custard is made by boiling a pint of milk and pouring it on to a tablespoonful of flour worked into a paste with cold water; stir till all is nicely mixed and cooled a little. Add two beaten eggs, sweeten and flavour to taste, set in a clean saucepan, which has been rinsed with cold water, and simmer while stirring till the custard tastes cooked. Stir occasionally till cool and then place in custard glasses.

Autumn Leaves may be preserved as follows: Directly they are gathered dip into thin gum water. After allowing them to drain for a few minutes arrange in a vase, and the gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and colour long after they have become dry. Another way is to dissolve some spermaceti in an earthenware vessel, and when it is liquid, but not too hot, dip the leaves in; then lay them out on a smooth surface to dry. The leaves should be thoroughly coated, but not too thickly. (Reply to GLASGOW.)

Italian Potatoes. Parboil half-a-dozen potatoes and when cold slice or cut into dice. Peel and chop an onion, and at the same time wash and chop some parsley. Heat some butter in a frying pan and fry the onion for a minute, then add some more butter and put in all the potatoes. Fry all slowly for five minutes, stirring constantly, as they must not brown. Just before they are served add the chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Drain perfectly dry by shaking in a hot colander and serve on a very hot dish. This way of dressing potatoes is very good with boiled fowl or veal.

Have Boots of as Good a Quality as you can possibly afford, especially for children. Very common shoes are either made of most inferior leather, or by people who do not understand the points to be considered in putting a shoe together properly. Cheap shoes and boots will not wear one-third so long as good shoes which cost twice as much, and they may produce corns and other afflictions of the feet that are probably impossible to cure. The folly of allowing young girls and boys to wear pointed toes and high heels to the boots is, I hope, sufficiently understood nowadays to need no comment.

This Excellent Boiled Pudding will be appreciated by the careful housewife the day she finds herself burdened with scraps of bread which must be used up. Break the bread into small pieces, cover it with cold milk, stand the basin on the stove, and cover it with a plate. Let the bread soak for an hour, then beat it up thoroughly with a fork. To each half-a-pound of soaked bread, allow two ounces of sugar, four ounces of currants, two ounces of candied peel cut small, four ounces of suet, two ounces and a half of flour, two ounces of stoned raisins and spices to taste. Mix all with one or two eggs and more milk if necessary. Boil for three hours in a greased basin, or steam for four hours.

Is Life Worth Living? Of course it is. Christmas is coming, and next week is HOME NOTES Special Double Christmas Number. Christmas games, Christmas presents (where to buy, what to buy, and how to make them), and all other Christmas subjects will be discussed. There will be six full-page illustrations of the latest fashions—indoor, outdoor, evening, and fancy dress. The pattern of a smart silk blouse will be given away with every copy. The price will only be 2d., and the demand is unprecedented, so order it at once from your newsagent. HOME NOTES is published every Saturday. This week's number is especially good, but don't take anyone's word for it, see for yourself.

Isobel

HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

READERS of this column who bought Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Shares on the advice of Pearson's Weekly, have cause for satisfaction. The dividend for the past half year has been declared at the rate of 70 per cent per annum, making the total for the year 50 per cent. Long before this is in print the price will have advanced on the news so that those who bought at about three will not only have received seven shillings dividend on every share, but will also see a very handsome rise in the value of their shares.

TALKING of "tips" in Industrials the small investor will do well to stand by his Vickers Maxim shares, provided he is lucky enough to possess any. From correspondents' letters the writer of this is inclined to believe that many imagine his advice refers to temporary rises. In all cases shares recommended in this column are chosen for their intrinsic merits, and though there has been an appreciation in the shares of Vickers Maxim since they were first referred to in Pearson's Weekly, there should be no hurry to realise. The company has enough business in hand to keep the pot boiling at high pressure for many a day. A noteworthy order is for three new Japanese warships in addition to that recently launched.

PROTRACTED has been the war in South Africa, and shares in which that portion of the Mining Market is interested have been handicapped in consequence. Little headway has been made, and, unless such good fortune should occur that the clearing up of hostilities can be announced, patience will have to be exercised until Parliament meets in mid-December. Even then we may get "no forerider"; all depends on what view the Chancellor of the Exchequer will take in the taxation of the industry. In the meanwhile there is only one piece of advice for those who have South African shares. It is to hold on; their time must come before long.

NUMEROUS questions reach us regarding shares in the various combines that were floated with so much "splash" two or three years ago. In most cases our opinion is unfavourable to a degree. The Coal's Company and Fins Cotton Spinners were started with definite and legitimate objects, and for that reason have been looked on with a favourable eye by the middlemen, whose good nature is so necessary to such concerns. Far different is the history of the remainder of the list which were offered successfully to the public on the strength of their sound predecessors. In many cases losing businesses were taken over, so that even had there not been other reasons why the system should have failed, it is evident that the concerns were based on a wrong system of finance.

TAKEN is a circular going the round of the provinces from a certain firm in Brixton. These people originally owned a notorious betting establishment, and the public will be wise to bear in mind that they are not legitimate stockbrokers in any sense of the word. Touts of this kind should be carefully avoided.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

"Junius."—The Ogden Company is doing good business, but the capital is rather heavy.—H. W. B.—We think these Steel Companies will continue to do good business.—J. H. (Southsea).—The documents were returned.—"Chartered."—Baird's South Africa shares should be held. We do not care for Chaffers Extended, and have nothing to do with the firm you mention.—"An Amateur."—The list does you credit.—"Lancashire Ltd."—The works are doing good business.—A. B. C.—These people are all outside brokers. Choose a member of the Stock Exchange.—J. B. (Middlesbrough).—There are many better investments.—"Cumberland Duffer."—What you hold; you hold a fair list, and those you propose to purchase are likely to prove satisfactory.—A. L. (Dumfriesshire).—With the exception of the Soap Company your list is a good one.—W. F. (Glasgow).—Better wait and see if the Secretary can get out his promise.—T. J. (Ilford).—Thanks for circular.—W. J. B.—You could choose a better investment.—J. J. (Anglesea).—There are too many such inventions about.—J. A. B. (Reading).—We do not recommend the scheme.—"Regular Reader."—We care for neither of the shares you hold.—E. J. (Belfast).—Rhodesians should be held for the present.—A. A. B. (Dunbar).—Have nothing to do with the Association.—C. B. (Calcutta).—Why not be satisfied with the Birkbeck.—Middleton.—This bank is merely a money-lenders' institution.—"Like to Know."—The company's shares have never been known on the London Stock Exchange, and there is no reference in the usual guide books.—E. W. (Co. Armagh).—It is a highly respectable bank.—H. C. A. L.—Better hold British Oil and Oils Ordinary and Preference.—A. J. M. (Derham).—Have nothing to do with the institution you mention.—A. W. A.—We think well of these Railway Debentures.—J. B. M. (Maryport).—The society is well thought of.—"Beck."—Hold the stocks you mention. As regards the balance, there are some cheap Home Ralls to be had just now.—C. B. (of Stockport).—We think well of George Newman's Preference.—J. H. (Bridgewater).—We do not care for these big companies.—H. J. G.—You can hold Nicholson Ltd. shares.—"Brooklyn."—We have had no cause to change our opinion of Bovril. Do not buy London and Globe.—"Gooner."—Sell the cotton shares and hold the others you mention.—"Birkbeck."—We strongly disapprove of these people's system.—"Choada."—The company paid its dividend last year out of the sale of certain foreign rights, so that they could not have been the same source of profit this year.—J. S. T. (Tooting).—We do not care for either of those shares.—"Chaffers."—Better cut your loss.—"Gwendoline."—We think well of both these African mining shares.—J. W. S.—Have nothing to do with the Association.—"Birmingham."—Have nothing to do with the Association.—"B. B. (Kensington).—Better not buy South-Eastern Deferred.—"Materialist."—Have nothing to do with these money-lenders.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year	Half Year	3 Months
Pearson's Weekly.....	8 6	4 6	3 6
Home Notes	8 6	4 6	3 6
Short Stories	6 6	3 6	1 6
M.A.P.	6 6	3 6	1 6
Pearson's Magazine.....	9 0	4 6	3 6
Royal Magazine.....	6 6	3 6	1 6
Dressmaking at Home	2 6	—	—
Home Cookery	1 6	—	—

ALL POST FREE.

1900. OCT.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1901. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.
M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 5 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 1 8 15 22 29
T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 6 13 20 27 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 4 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	T 9 16 23 30
W 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 7 14 21 28 31	W 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 5 12 19 26	W 9 16 23 30	W 10 17 24 31
Th 10 17 24 31	Th 7 14 21 28	Th 8 15 22 29	Th 9 16 23 30	Th 6 13 20 27	Th 6 13 20 27	Th 10 17 24 31	Th 11 18 25 31
F 11 18 25 31	F 8 15 22 29	F 9 16 23 30	F 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 7 14 21 28	F 11 18 25 31	F 12 19 26 31
S 12 19 26 31	S 9 16 23 30	S 10 17 24 31	S 11 18 25 31	S 8 15 22 29	S 8 15 22 29	S 12 19 26 31	S 13 20 27 31
S 13 20 27 31	S 10 17 24 31	S 11 18 25 31	S 12 19 26 31	S 9 16 23 30	S 9 16 23 30	S 13 20 27 31	S 14 21 28 31

Was Subject to Taking Cold.

His doctor advised Scott's Emulsion
and he derived great benefit.



E. S. ALLEN.
(From a Photograph.)

46, Ondine Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

May 28th, 1900.

Gentlemen,—Having received so much benefit from the taking of Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil, I feel I must write and let you know it. It is some time now since I first started taking it. Being subject to colds of all kinds, principally on my chest, I was advised by my doctor to take Scott's Emulsion. I did so and have been quite free from any ailment whatever. The cough I had kept me awake at night for hours, and I would get up in the morning quite unrefreshed and worn out, but Scott's Emulsion has quite cured me, and I now sleep well. My stomach is weak through indigestion, but I do not find Scott's Emulsion at all difficult to take; in fact, it helps digestion, and my appetite is much better. I am glad to be able to write and tell you this, and hope others, who reading this try Scott's Emulsion, will receive the same benefit as has yours very sincerely.

(Signed) E. S. ALLEN.

The point we would emphasise in the foregoing letter is the fact that notwithstanding the gentleman had a weak stomach, he took Scott's Emulsion readily, and found that it aided digestion and improved his appetite. Such cases as this prove conclusively what a triumph Scott's Emulsion is over other forms of cod-liver oil. What really prompted the experiments twenty-five years ago which resulted in Scott's Emulsion was the natural repugnance which many people have to plain cod-liver oil, together with the fact, discovered by a German scientist, that before cod-liver oil can be absorbed in the blood it must be emulsified by the digestive process. The problem was to make cod-liver oil perfectly palatable, and to offer it in as natural a form as milk or cream, both of which are emulsions.

If you desire a better test of the ease with which Scott's Emulsion is digested, and in fact of the benefit that it affords to the entire digestive system, give it to a little baby that is weaning, or to the growing child whose digestive system is weak, and who is unable to derive the nourishing properties of food. You will here find that Scott's Emulsion benefits the entire

digestive system, soothes the nerves, promotes the making of healthy flesh, and makes growth vigorous and natural. No better remedy for children has ever been originated, and for adults who are subject to chronic ailments and are never well, Scott's Emulsion is the best remedy that can be taken.

In the face of such unmistakable evidence as we offer to prove the effectiveness of Scott's Emulsion, we do not see the utility of experimenting with cheap and inferior nostrums. In no other form will cod-liver oil produce such beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion, and it certainly pays to purchase only the genuine preparation, which may be distinguished by our trade mark on the wrapper encasing every bottle.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott & Bowne Limited, 95 Great Suffolk Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning the name of this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.



TRADE MARK.

A Boon to Dyspeptics.

Quoted from "The Lady."

"In these high-pressure days, when men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own in the great battle of life, it is the exception rather than the rule to find any one who does not suffer from that insidious and most distressing complaint—Dyspepsia—in one form or another. The most general symptoms of this disease—for it invariably develops into a disease if its progress remains unchecked—are loss of Appetite on most occasions, varied by craving desires for food which is extremely indigestible; fearful Depression of Spirits, together with various aches and pains in nearly every part of the body; the digestive organs refuse to perform their offices in a perfect manner, and, if neglected, the result is too often apparent in the contraction of cancer or tumour in the Stomach, abscess on the Liver, and many serious internal complications. The great remedies for these evils, if taken when Dyspepsia has not yet assumed its later, and, in fact, fatal phases, are a really good tonic and a careful diet, combined with sensible health precautions; but hitherto no entirely satisfactory tonic for Dyspeptics has been discovered, as most preparations of the kind contain iron or quinine in some form, which, though valuable preparations in many cases, are devoid of digestive qualities. The preparation known as Guy's Tonic is, however, a wonderfully efficacious remedy. It is entirely free from iron, and therefore does not induce Constipation, a most important consideration. It contains no quinine either, but is composed of simple Vegetable Tinctures from the British Pharmacopoeia, and is prepared from the formula of a distinguished London physician. It is more than a tonic, as besides strengthening the whole Nervous System, and correcting a Sluggish Liver, it assists the process of Digestion in a very great degree; moreover, it is pleasant to take."



Chronic Indigestion Cured by Guy's Tonic.

Miss McKenna, of 42 Tynwald Hill, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, writes on October 25, 1900:

"As I have derived such benefit from Guy's Tonic, I think it right to let you know. For three years I suffered from Indigestion, and on taking a half-bottle of Guy's Tonic I got such relief that I did not need the remainder, which I gave to a friend. I know of several cases that it has cured. Space does not allow me to praise it sufficiently."

"Nothing Does Me so Much Good."

Mr. J. Malsom, of 6 Garswood Street, Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lancs., writes:

"I have been a great sufferer from both Indigestion and Nervous Weakness, but find nothing do me so much good as your valuable remedy—Guy's Tonic."

Can Eat Anything by the Aid of Guy's Tonic.

"Hatfield Peveril, Witham.

"I was a Dreadful Sufferer from Indigestion; no Doctors could do me any good. I was afraid to eat anything. Seeing Guy's Tonic advertised, I gave it a trial. I began to feel better after the First Bottle. I took more till I was quite well, and could eat anything.—(Mrs.) E. Brickmore."

Doctors Recommend Guy's Tonic.

Mrs. Hewson, of "Rokeby," Christchurch Road, Tulse Hill, London, S.W., writes:

"Guy's Tonic is the best medicine I take. My Doctor speaks very highly of Guy's Tonic, and often recommends it."

Miss M. G. H., of 82 High Street, Sevenoaks, writing to inquire the price of Guy's Tonic, states:

"The fact is my medical man has ordered me to take it."

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation of simple Vegetable origin. It is employed with excellent results in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

PRINCE OF ENTERTAINERS.



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O R R A D R S.

(A FEW LETTERS FROM "OUR READERS.")

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

THERE are plenty of opportunities in this number of *Pearson's Weekly* for securing prizes. In the first place there is the Ten-Pound Scheme, in which £10 notes are given away promiscuously to those who ask under certain conditions. Already £400 has been distributed. Secondly, there is the big Football Picture Competition, which starts to-day, in which £100 is given away in prizes. Thirdly, there is the first of a series of Graphophone Competitions, in which you can secure one of these talking machines with very little trouble. Fourthly, we send you a couple of guineas for the most suitable Christmas card sent to us for the purpose of distributing amongst little sick infirm children. Fifthly, we will send you a packet of Christmas cards free of charge. Sixthly, £5 is offered for the best original little story published in *P.W.* during December. In addition to this there are pencil-cases, penknives, stereoscopes, flying about as thick as snowflakes on a winter's day. I make all these remarks lest there should exist amongst the readers of *P.W.* a few individuals who might object to the amount of space occupied by notices, and I would point out that such space is occupied solely in the announcement of these good things.

I WOULD take this opportunity of incidentally mentioning the fact that the new novel to start in *Pearson's Weekly* Christmas Double Number will be quite one of the most powerful stories of the kind ever written. I believe it is customary for editors to say this sort of thing about their own wares, but I can assure you that in this particular case I am not talking without very good reason. Whether a story is good or is not good, is, as everyone will agree, purely a matter of individual opinion. In the case of Mr. Tracy's new story experience tells me that the individual opinion of every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* will coincide with that of those who, having already read the story, are in a position to judge. My reason for chatting with you on this point now is to ask you to insure the fact that you get a copy of the Christmas Double Number reserved for you. There is going to be a big demand for it, and, unfortunately, we cannot reprint.

TALKING of the Christmas Double Number reminds me that I have in store for readers a couple of surprises of a kind that will make them feel that, despite the price of coal and the dearth of domestic servants, life is really worth living. The first one is— But no, we will not talk about it now. After all, you have only to wait three weeks.

REVERTING again to Christmas numbers, I should like, without boring you, just to mention the fact that in the Christmas Double Number of *SHORT STORIES*, Mr. Tracy starts another romance entitled "The Lost Lady Delia." If you are not already a reader of *SHORT STORIES*, may I suggest that you include it in your Christmas budget of papers. Personally, I do not think that you will be disappointed in the good things you will find in that number. But there, of course, I am prejudiced. At least, some people say so.

BY-THE-WAY, I had almost forgotten to mention TWENTY TEAZER. Of course, you have tried to do it—and failed. But try again, and keep on trying, and when you have done it, drop us a post-card and tell us your experiences.

H. A. D. WRITES: "I am very interested in your Ten-Pound Note Scheme, and think it would be very nice to have a serial story written on it." This is very gratifying, but I am afraid the majority of readers would not appreciate such a striking departure in journalism.

T. H. wishes to know whether sleep can be encouraged by having the head of a bed turned in any particular direction. This is a question which engaged the attention of the great Faraday during his investigation of the so-called magnetic tides. He came to the conclusion that a person sleeping with his head to the north would sleep better than one lying east and west, because the flow of the magnetic tide would pass along the great nerve trunks of the body instead of across them. This has never been proved by demonstration, but it is generally found that people, and especially children, sleep better lying north to south than in any other position.

I AM glad to hear from HAL that he is a great admirer of the short poems published in *P.W.* He and several other readers he knows make a rule of cutting these out and pasting them into a scrap-book. I am glad, because no one who appreciates good poetry can be entirely bad; no, not even the spring or autumn poet himself, only these usually admire no other poetry than their own, and don't get it published. Hal adds that he reads the poetry first, then the serial, and then page 16. He would like to know in what order other readers take the contents of *P.W.* So should I.

JAMES TOMES.—It is a pity you did not send us your address, for then we could have written to you direct. The Pearson Pottery Company has no connection whatever with this paper and never had. We simply inserted their advertisements as we would those of any other advertiser.

I APPEAR to have done E. G. W. a small injustice for which I make haste to atone with a pencil-case. It seems he didn't mean that joke about feeding the poultry with labels as a joke. Further he informs me that in his district, poultry farmers, are in the habit of putting labels containing their name and address and the weight of the bird either round its neck or inside it after it has been dressed, as it usually is before leaving the farm. The other day his own mother was preparing to stuff a gosling, and found a card where the bird's digestive organs had been. It didn't have the farmer's name and address on it, but it had—well, what do you think? Unfortunately she was not one of the Ten-Pound ladies and the bird had not a copy of *P.W.* in its possession!

It appears that Bradford anticipated Liverpool in the matter of automatically guaranteeing eggs to be right up to date. At least, so Mr. W. J. says, and I dare say he's just as truthful as the other man. It seems that he has a friend who noticed that when a hen lays an egg she puts her head up and her tail down, and clucks, wherefore he puts a registering stamp on the hen's tail. Of course, as the tail goes down after the cluck the egg gets stamped, and as the tail comes up again the number shifts. This, of course, prevents all possibility of fraud on the part of the hen.

SOME other correspondents who were unprincipled enough to send in yarns about hens laying the eggs soft or hard-boiled to order, are hereby informed that over five-and-twenty years ago an American farmer taught his ducks to swim in boiling water and lay boiled eggs. We have no more use for old stories than we have for old eggs.

I MUST confess that G. P. H. has fairly stumped me. He wants me to tell him why the Clapham Vestry name their steam-rollers after murderers and murderers. He says that the other day in Old Town he saw one named Kate Webster, and another Charles Peace, both snorting along the same road.

Unless there is some special reason for this, it certainly seems a wanton insult to the ponderous, necessary roller. It certainly has an ugly look about it at first sight, but you have only to watch the magnificent deliberation of its stride for a moment to be forced to the conclusion that it is far too heavy to be anything but the most well-intentioned of machines. As a matter of fact, there is much more danger in a boy's hoop, especially when it charges a bicycle club on a day out.

J. L. has been reading some articles on the value of currency, and seems to have got into a bit of a fog about it. He can't see why plentiful gold should make prices high. It is merely a matter of supply and demand. The person who buys a commodity wants it, the person who sells it wants money, that is current coin, wherefore the cheaper, in other words, the more plentiful the current coin is the less he is prepared to give for it in exchange. From this it follows that the more plentiful gold is the less it will buy, which is another way of saying that as gold grows cheap commodities grow dear. Conversely, when money was scarce prices were low, which again is the same thing as saying that the purchasing power of current coin is greater.

I AM happy to be able to inform G. H. that her faith in *P.W.* is justified by facts, and that she will, therefore, be able to score one off the Other Half. He has made the mistake of offering an opinion before he knows. It may at first sight seem impossible that a clock dial of twenty-two and a half feet diameter should have a minute hand fourteen feet long. It is, however, the fact as regards the dial of Big Ben. What Mr. G. H. forgot was that a minute hand which weighs about two hundred-weight could not be got round regularly by any ordinary machinery. It would go down too fast and up too slowly, wherefore in all such cases the hand is lengthened into a counterpoise, as it is called, which, being weighted, balances the hand and relieves the machinery of the strain. That is how you can get a fourteen foot minute-hand on to a twenty-two and a half foot dial. For my part I am happy to reward Mrs. G. H.'s loyalty with a pencil-case. Mr. G. H. will probably think a new bonnet or a sea-skin jacket a fair atonement for his error.

A. O. H. tells me that he is nearly thirty years old and is desirous of learning some musical instrument. If he takes my advice, he won't. If he has reached that age without feeling any violent impulse to take to music, he had better let it alone. Any natural bent would have shown itself before now, for, of all the arts, music is the one which preaches its claims at the earliest age. It is the dismal truth that persons who learn "musical" instruments without having a real aptitude for music simply delude themselves and victimise their friends and neighbours, and there is no reason why A. O. H. should add to their number. What is the matter with boxing or fencing, amateur carpentry, or any of the hundred and one other pursuits which can turn a man's leisure to profit without troubling anybody else?

D. L. J., being a Welshman, feels naturally indignant at reading somewhere that winter begins on December 21st. He says that the Welsh name for July (Gorphen-Haf) means "end of summer," and that the last night in October is called Nos-Oyn-Ganaf "the night before winter," therefore, either the seasons are all wrong or the Welsh language is.

I should be the last one to say anything disrespectful of the Welsh language. It is altogether too serious a subject for levity. There are some magnificent specimens of Welsh which only want to be spelt in German characters to look like a barbed wire fence in an apopleptic fit. With the British seasons it is different. We haven't got any, except in the almanacs, and so it's a matter of perfect indifference when they begin or end. I might, however, add for my correspondent's comfort that, astronomically speaking, December 21st is mid-winter for the northern hemisphere, because on that day the North Pole is tilted at its greatest angle from the sun. This, however, is one of those trifles of which the British climate doesn't take any account.

L. P.'s friend is right in his reading of the proverb, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." This is one of those wise saws which cuts a long way down into human nature. Opinions are mainly a matter of likes and dislikes, fortified by early training and surroundings. Convictions are matters of absolute proof. For instance, every educated person is thoroughly convinced that the two sides of any triangle taken together are greater than the third, but two people may be quite honestly convinced that two opposing political doctrines are true. All the same, were it possible to absolutely demonstrate to one of them that his favourite doctrine was not true, he would probably ignore the truth and go on believing according to his own inclination, and that is just the truth that the proverb intended to convey.

I AM afraid I cannot congratulate F.B. on having found a possible gold mine. Arguing on the principle that nothing is lost in nature, he asks what becomes of all the waste alcohol, and argues that a process to recover even one per cent. of it would make its inventor a multi-millionaire. Unfortunately for this dream of wealth, there is practically no waste alcohol except from the testotoler's point of view. It is composed of two atoms of carbon, six of hydrogen and one of oxygen, and these elements are split up by various agencies, animal and chemical, usually into carbonic acid and water, which are of course quite valueless from the recovery point of view. I can explain this by answering a question which I dare say has occurred to a great many readers of *P.W.* Why does a glass of spirits and water taste so different after it has been standing for a few hours? This is because diluted alcohol oxidises rapidly in the air. In this particular case the spirit becomes largely mixed with acetic acid, hence the unpleasant taste of staleness.

R. P. P. raises a rather interesting international question. Suppose on her voyage to Europe the Dutch war ship *Gelderland* had met with an accident which crippled her, on the high seas, and a British man-of-war had rescued her crew and passengers from starvation or a watery grave, would Mr. Kruger have become a prisoner of war? Technically, he would. Every British warship is considered as a detached portion of the British Empire, just as the *Gelderland* is a portion of the Dutch kingdom. Therefore, Mr. Kruger on a British ship would be on British soil, and, since he has made no submission, he would be a captive belligerent. On the other hand, no British ship could take him off the *Gelderland* without committing an act tantamount to invading Holland. As a matter of fact, granted the circumstances suggested by R. P. P., he would probably be landed at the nearest convenient port.

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"THAT'S FROM *P.W.*!"

ENCYCLOPÆDIA

FIVE SHILLINGS

OPENS THE DOOR.

"YOUR CHAIR IS WAITING, SIR."

WHAT an invitation it would be! Think of a dinner at which you would hear the brilliant conversation of such men as the Right Hon. James Bryce, the Bishop of London, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. John



Morley, Dean Farrar, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Austin Dobson, Sir Robert Ball, and many other men of learning and of letters. Probably you will remember some of the faces in this picture.

SMALL INVESTMENTS and GREAT RETURNS.

The Open Door to the acquaintance of these men is the open book of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." All of them, and many others as famous in the world of art, history, and theology have given it the best thoughts of their best moments. In the past the book has lain without the reach of all but the very rich. It is now placed within the reach of every intelligent reader. Five Shillings Opens the Door.

The man who desires to invest large sums of money has thousands of ways of doing so. But the man who desires to invest quite small sums, and to put by day by day, is greatly puzzled to find any way in which he can do so with both convenience and security.

It is hardly too much to say that the only way open to him is the scheme now presented by the Daily Mail. Five shillings sent at once will bring you an immediate return—the complete 25 volumes of The Times Reprint of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." To complete the payment you save less than sixpence daily, sending only 12s. at the end of each month. Never before has such an extraordinary investment been offered to the public. You receive the complete return at the outset, and pay it by leisurely savings, and the aggregate of all your payments is less than half the price the original publishers asked in a lump sum.

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He can turn to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for the history, or for the biography of all the great men of all ages and climes; he can turn to it if he wants knowledge of the very choicest kind concerning any question of art or literature, or he can turn to it



as a practical man for practical information whatever may be his business in life. The "Encyclopædia Britannica," compact though it be of all knowledge, is not a dry book; it is not written by dry-as-dust pedants, but by the most brilliant and expert writers of the day. Neither is it like so many other brilliant books—shallow. It is a unique combination of profound knowledge and extraordinary brilliancy.

Could you do better than invest your money in such a book as this?

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This offer has one drawback to the purchaser. By its arrangements with The Times, the Daily Mail is only able to dispose of a limited number of sets. Immediately the offer was made the public realised what an extraordinary bargain was opened to them. So large has been the demand that the supply will soon be exhausted. Only those who apply at once can make sure of obtaining what they want.

If you want to see the volumes, to judge of their value, of the beauty and durability of the binding, of the cheapness and excellence of the Bookcase, and reassure yourself in general as to the details of our offer, all you have to do is to call at one of the Offices named below, which the Daily Mail has opened for this special purpose, where we will gladly give you the fullest information on all points.

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Please send me the Illustrated Prospectus of the
"Encyclopædia Britannica," Order Form and full
details of the "Daily Mail" offer, and provisionally
reserve me a set of the Volumes.

This Inquiry Form can
be sent in an open Envelope with only a Half-penny stamp.

[Name].....

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"THE TIMES" REPRINT.

BRITANNICA

DOGS THAT READ YOUR THOUGHTS.

A SYSTEM OF TELEPATHY WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO BE IN USE AMONG DOGS.

As a breed, perhaps the St. Bernard may be said to be the telepathist among dogs. We speak of instinct in animals; we call this or that dog intelligent, and characterise the one or other related incidents as wonderful or impossible. Telepathy—or thought transference—is the most possible explanation.

In the instance of a St. Bernard owned by a gentleman at Prague we have a case of telepathy. How else can the story be explained or accepted?

During the evening of a day on which there had been a heavy fall of snow, and while snow was still falling, the gentleman, sitting alone by the fire with his dog, noticed him growing uneasy and restless in manner. Presently the dog got up and whined for the door of the room to be opened. Thinking he wanted to go to the kitchen for food, his owner opened the door and let the dog out, but the animal returned and seemed to expect something further of him. Going out into the hall after the dog, he found him making the same signs of uneasiness before the hall door. His owner, therefore, took down hat and coat, and thought the usual evening exercise was what the dog wanted.

On his opening the door, the dog, contrary to his usual custom, turned to the left, and made straight off in a certain direction. Following him at a run, the owner lost sight of him. Whistling and calling did not bring the dog back. He was able to track the animal's footsteps, and found him in the act of removing the snow from a wretched wail, a man still living, who from hunger and exposure had fainted, and was half-frozen. This was some half-mile from the house.

A gentleman personally known to the writer recounted the following experience.

"When I lived at Rustchuk-on-the-Danube I had a very clever pointer. The dog was not used greatly for sport, but was chiefly the companion of my children. I was in the habit of taking journeys of several days' duration and uncertain length. Usually I was not able to inform my family of the day of my return. Sometimes the difficulties of travelling made it impossible for me to judge myself when I might return. My dog always knew I used to return home by steamer from the other side of the river. My wife always knew from which steamer I should land by the dog's manner.

Shortly before the steamer on which I was about to cross was timed to leave the station on the opposite river bank, the pointer became restless and excited and would go out into the garden to watch the steamer come across to our landing stage. My wife used to say to the children: 'Papa is on the steamer.' The dog never made a mistake, although I might have come by any of the steamers leaving during the day. There was no hazard or guesswork in the dog's proceedings. Simply he knew the moment his master set foot on the steamer, and showed that he knew it. Were the other steps of the journey all a blank to him, or was he, we wonder, through the same means, conscious of his master's doings?"

A dachshund, the friend of the children, acknowledged only one grown up—the children's father. He would lie curled up in the nursery armchair, snoring, certainly sound asleep, until half-an-hour before the arrival of the dogcart. Then he would go down into the hall and sit in a certain spot. Sometimes his owner arrived at midday, sometimes in the afternoon, sometimes only for seven o'clock dinner. Certainly the servants knew, and some commotion existed in the house when the return was after a few days' or a week's absence, but nothing disturbed the quiet of the nursery, and carts from the stables might be sent out to fetch provisions or parcels from the station five miles away, at any hour.

The dog knew which cart went for his master, and, what is still more wonderful, if he failed to catch that train, a telegram at the station sometimes bade the coachman wait; but never was the dog found waiting any but the last half-hour before the arrival at the house door. This was the stock story of the servants, and any one of them would have vouched for it with his or her characters, as I heard many times. The dog had fretted greatly at the absence of his master for a year and a half while he was in South America, and this wonderful knowledge of his owner's proceedings showed itself after his return on the resumption of the usual family life of the household.

Mrs. HOUSEKEEP: "Look here, I've been getting a dozen eggs from you every week and in every dozen lately I've found at least two bad ones. What's to be done about it?"

Bright Shopman: "Suppose you only take half-a-dozen hereafter. Perhaps you wouldn't find so many bad ones then."

A GENTLEMAN took his little daughter to a toy-shop to buy her a doll.

"Now, what sort of a doll would you like, my dear?" said he, as a large assortment was placed on the counter by the shopman.

After some hesitation the little miss replied: "I think I'll have twins, please."

USED TO IT.

It was in one of those picturesque villas near great Veauvins.

"What a sight!" exclaimed the English tourist. "Did you ever see so many ashes in the air at one time?" "Oh, yes," responded the Londoner, "I have often passed along our business streets when the dustmen were making their rounds."

WHEN EXTREMES MEET.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: "I understand that young Blue-gore, the millionaire's son, has gone in for journalism?"

CITY EDITOR: "Yes. He's on my staff."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: "And what do you think of him?"

CITY EDITOR: "Well he's a unique figure in journalism."

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: "You don't say so?"

CITY EDITOR: "Yes. He's at once the richest and poorest reporter in the city."

ONE SURE TEST.

AN Irishman, more patriotic than clever, enlisted in a Dragoon regiment with the intention of becoming a gallant soldier.

The fencing master had experienced rather a hard job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword.

"Now, Pat," he said, "how would you use your sword if your opponent feinted?"

"Begorra!" said Pat with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."

SCOTCH MEDICINE.

A STRANGER came to a provincial Scotch town one day. He looked somewhat of an invalid, and he asked one of the inhabitants to direct him to the chemist's shop.

"The what, sir?"

"The chemist's shop."

"Ay, an' what kin' o' shop's that, na?"

"Why, the place where you can buy medicine."

"Eh, sir, we've nae sic shop as that here."

"No? What do you do, then, when anyone falls ill? Do you take no medicine?"

"Deed, no; not a drop. We've just whisky for the folk and tar for the sheep, an' that's a' the fessick we deal in."

GOOD-BYE TO TORTOISES.

SPECIES OF HUGE ONES IN THE INDIAN ISLES BECOMING EXTINCT.

GIANT tortoises are rapidly disappearing. They are now to be found only on Aldabra—a small, lonely island in the Indian Ocean, north of Madagascar. Formerly they were caught in large numbers on Mauritius, Reunion and Rodriguez.

The first accounts of the existence of tortoises many times larger than those known in Europe are to be found in the writings of the explorers who visited the East Indies after the return of Vasco da Gama. The sailors who voyaged to South America in the early years of the sixteenth century found similar huge creatures in a group of islands which they christened accordingly "Galapagos," or "Turtle Islands."

The destruction of the giant tortoise began almost with the discovery of the islands which it inhabited, for the early Indianmen looked upon it as a rich prize. Whenever a vessel touched at an island to replenish its supply of water a number of tortoises were captured and brought aboard alive. The animals were rarely fed, for they could live months in succession without food. And whenever the need of fresh meat was felt a tortoise was killed to fill the want.

GIANT tortoises were first exterminated, it seems, on the island of Reunion, during the eighteenth century, for they had multiplied in such numbers that they had become a pest. The islanders proceeded so systematically in their work of destruction that the tortoises were completely blotted out of existence. Remnants of Reunion tortoises are not to be found, even in museums.

The inhabitants of Rodriguez and Mauritius soon followed the example of Reunion. Legaut, who in 1691 visited Rodriguez, writes that "there are so many tortoises that often herds of 2,000 or 3,000 can be seen, and that a man can walk upon their backs for a hundred paces."

Grant, in his history of Mauritius (1740), gives a similar account of the number of tortoises. Not a single wild tortoise is now to be found on any of these islands. At the artillery barracks of Mauritius there is a single domesticated giant tortoise, said to be 200 years old, the last representative in these regions of an old, mighty species. The creature is said to have attained its present size in 1810. It was particularly mentioned in the treaty in which France ceded the island to England. The English authorities have taken the necessary steps to protect the few specimens still to be found on Aldabra. The six or seven species to be found on the Galapagos Islands are rapidly disappearing and extinctions must soon follow.

\$400 NOW PAID AWAY!

NOW SUNDERLAND CAPTURED THE \$10 NOTE.

Report of Ten-Pound Man No. 78.

THE ground was comfortably filled in the cheaper parts when the ball was kicked off at 2.30 p.m. I stood immediately behind three gentlemen who talked of the Ten-Pound Man, and the one in possession of a copy of the paper offered to bet 4 to 1 that "nobody here to-day would get it." Had he asked his nearest neighbour he would have proved the fallacy of his own arguments; omitting this, however, he went on to tell his friends that "one man had won the £100 football prize this week."

As the second half commenced I was standing immediately behind the Sunderland goal. On one side a tall gentleman in a light overcoat eyed me suspiciously; a tall gentleman with a fair moustache discussed me with his friend; at my right hand a young gentleman looked me all over, and wondered if he could pluck up his courage to ask me. I saw at once that one of these three gentlemen would relieve me of my burden ere long, and felt myself speculating which of the three would be the winner. I fancied the light overcoat looked the most decisive, with the fair moustache a good second favourite. I was wrong, however, for an apologetic "Have you got the Ten-Pound Note?" on my right from the young one settled the matter. Turning, I looked at my questioner.

"You are the lucky winner," I said. "There was a big rush to see the captor, and hearty cheers were given for 'Pearson's.' Much handshaking with the winner and myself followed, none shouting louder or giving more hearty grips than the very men who had been beaten positively only by seconds."

The capture was popular, the winner, Mr. George Wardle, being a plater in the shipyard, residing at 55 Laburnum Road, Sunderland, and whom I have never before seen.

Report of Captor of No. 78.

55 Laburnum Road, Fulwell, Sunderland.

DEAR SIR,—What made me go in for Pearson's £10? I saw so many people going to the football match on Saturday last with their Pearson's Weekly, I got one myself, and started looking for the Ten-Pound Man. I went up to two gentlemen, but the third was the one. He was standing beside me, and I said to him, "It's a good advertisement," and he said it was. I asked him if he was the man with the £10 note. He did not answer then until I showed him my Pearson's Weekly; then he told me I was the lucky man, and handed me the Sealed Envelope. I could scarce believe my own eyes.—I remain, yours respectfully,

GEORGE WARDLE.

CHRISTMAS CARDS GIVEN AWAY.

WE have prepared a charming little Christmas card suitable for readers to send to their friends.

The picture is a reproduction of a photograph, and contains a reasonable inscription.

A huge number of copies are now being printed, and will be ready on Monday next, December 3rd. In return for a post-card containing your name and address, sent to the Christmas Card Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C., we will post you a few cards free of all cost.

Send in your applications at once, as, although we cannot start posting until Monday, all orders will be dealt with in rotation, and the sooner you send in the sooner you will get your cards.

The Christmas card we have prepared is quite charming, and is in no way an aggressive advertisement of Pearson's Weekly, or of the Ten-Pound Scheme.

Are You Going to a Football Match on Saturday?

If so, slip this copy of Pearson's Weekly into your pocket and take the opportunity of asking the first likely man you meet if he has got the Ten-Pound Note.

For the Ten-Pound Men will visit football matches, and each will deliver up to the first person who asks him the question: "Have you Pearson's Ten-Pound Note?" a Sealed Envelope entitling the asker to the sum of £10, provided a current copy of the paper be shown at the moment of asking.

You may rub shoulders with one of the Ten-Pound Men at the football match you attend on Saturday, and you would feel rather unhappy if when the Ten-Pound Man was captured you found that you had been talking to him for ten minutes and end without having asked him for the Ten-Pound Note!

At several of the football matches last Saturday the Ten-Pound Men discussed many subjects with visitors to the matches they attended, and some even went so far as to talk about the Ten-Pound Scheme; but, either through indifference or inability to get a copy of Pearson's Weekly, the visitors did not relieve the Ten-Pound Men of their Sealed Envelopes.

Perhaps last week you were unable to secure a copy of Pearson's Weekly because your newsagent was sold out. Do not let yourself be left in the lurch in this fashion next time; when you are next at your newsagent's ask him to bear in mind the fact that you would like a copy of Pearson's Weekly kept for you next Saturday.

To Amateur Dramatic Societies

AND THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN PRIVATE AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The Sketch, "HAVE YOU GOT THAT TEN-POUND NOTE?" suitable for two gentlemen and one lady, has now been put into type, and is to be obtained in book form at sixpence per copy, from Messrs. Samuel French Limited, Theatrical Publishers, 59 Strand, London, W.C.

The Sketch is quite a bright one, and lasts from fifteen to twenty minutes.

There is a tremendous amount of fun in it. It will keep an audience in roars of laughter all the time.

NO FEE WILL BE CHARGED AMATEURS FOR PLAYING IT.

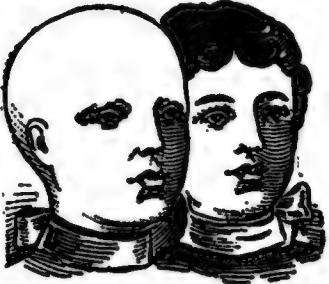
The scene is one that can be easily arranged, and the costumes are quite ordinary ones.

CURES BALDNESS.

Prevents Hair Falling Out, Removes
Dandruff, Stops Itching and Re-
stores Luxuriant Growth to
Shining Scalps, Eyebrows
and Eyelashes.

A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.

People who need more hair or are anxious
to save what they have, or from sickness,
dandruff or other causes have lost their hair,
should at once send their name and address to
the Altamont Medical Dispensary, 1790
Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.,
enclosing a 1d. stamp to cover postage, and
they will forward, prepaid, by mail, a sufficient
free trial package of their remedy to fully
prove its remarkable action in quickly re-
moving all trace of dandruff and scalp diseases
and forcing a new growth of hair.



MISS EMMA EMOND, Quebec, Can.

The portraits of Miss Emma Emond show
what a striking difference is made in a person
when the bald head is covered with hair.
Miss Emond was totally bald, the hair
follicles not only upon her head but upon
her eyebrows being completely contracted,
not the sign of a hair being found. She sent
for a free trial of the Foso Remedies and was
rewarded by a growth of hair which for
thickness, quality and luxuriance was as
remarkable as the result was gratifying.
Miss Emond lives in St. Saviour, Quebec,
Canada, 21 Chateaugay St.

Mrs. E. M. Haines, 10 E. Hyde Park
Mansions, Marylebone, London, N.W., Eng.:
"Foso Remedies are wonderful."

Miss Fannie Gibson, Well Bank, Taplow,
near Maidenhead, Bucks, Eng.: "Foso
Remedies removed the Dandruff and made
hair nice and glossy."

Mr. G. Collyer, 108 Grand Street, Poplar, E.,
London, Eng.: "Have had no itching scalp
since using the Foso Remedies."

Mr. G. A. Rose, 40 Old Dover Road, Black-
heath, S.E.: "Foso Remedies acting like
magic; three weeks had a growth of new hair.
It is now quite dark where before I had only
a shiny scalp."

Mr. Herbert Emms, 153 Untham Road,
Norwich, Eng.: "Foso Remedies are excel-
lent. Can keep my scalp in fine healthy
condition."

Mr. Geo. Ellis, Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent,
Staffs, Eng.: "Have been delighted with
results from using Foso Remedies."

Mr. Fred A. Robinson, Clerk in charge
Victoria Market, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.:
"Had a severe itching scalp which has been
cured by the Foso Remedies."

Mr. M. Calstner, 23 St. George's Place,
Canterbury, Kent, Eng.: "Hair greatly im-
proved; believe your Remedies a right."

Mr. John Warren, care M. J. Renny, 88
Regent Road, Salford, Manchester, Eng.:
"Foso Remedies very good. Enclosed price
for further treatment."

The remedy has cured thousands, and no
one need fear that it is harmful.

The remedy also cures itching and dandruff,
and signs of approaching baldness, and keeps
the scalp healthy and vigorous. It also
restores grey hair to natural colour, and
produces thick and lustrous eyebrows and
eyelashes. By sending your name and address
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Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.,
enclosing a 1d. stamp to cover postage, they
will send you post paid a free trial of their
remarkable remedy.

Remember a letter to us from British Isles
requires 2d. postage. Write your name and
address very plain, or, better still, enclose a
self-addressed envelope, so there can be no
mistake in delivery.

THE FAMOUS



"Mab"
Dwarf
Razor

The description given
of the little "Mab"
as the finest shav-
ing implement in
the world is con-
firmed in thousands
of testimonials. The
"Mab" is rapidly
superseding the big
clumsy razors hitherto
used. Do not accept
any not bearing the
registered Trade Mark
"The Mab," or you
will be disappointed.

PRICE...
Black Handle... 2/6
Ivory... 3/6
PAIR IN CASE,
Black... 7/6
Ivory... 8/6

Sent Post free same day as ordered.
"MAB" CO.,
73, HOWARD ST., BIRMINGHAM.

THE BEST PEN

3/-
In choosing a Pen everyone wants the Best—that
is, the one that writes the most clearly and
smoothly, and is the simplest and cheapest of its kind
on the market, and is praised by all who use it.
We send it complete in Box, with Filler and
Direct pen, post paid, for 3/- JEWEL FOUNTAIN
PEN, fitted with 10-ct. Gold Nib, 5/- Mounted
and Chased, 7/6
Dept. T.W. JEWEL PEN CO., 55 Finchchurch
Street, London, E.C.

Xmas GIFTS

Something Useful, Something Dainty,
Something Novel.
Nothing is more fitting or better appreciated
than a piece of good Jewellery, and a visit to our
establishment or a glance through our catalogue
will convince you of the wonderful value we
offer. Our customers are always delighted, no
matter what purchase they make; the reason is,
we buy all our own materials, employ only the
cleverest workmen, make only the best designs,
and sell direct to the public at

WHOLESALE PRICES
BROOCHES, RINGS, CHAINS,
WATCHES, PINS, BRACELETS, &c.
Quality and price unequalled anywhere.



SOLID SET GOLD, 10s.
OUR CATALOGUE.
Send or call for it. You should see it.
Magnificently illustrated and
SENT FREE.
Any article can be exchanged if not approved.
GREENFELL FRANKER & Co.,
12 Edgware Road, London (near Marble Arch).

The most nutritious delicacy.
Manufactured solely of milk,
sugar, and choicest Cocoa. Cailler's
Chocolate does not create thirst. It
is a boon to

TOURISTS, CYCLISTS,
SPORTSMEN, &c.

Cailler's
THE GENUINE
SWISS MILK
Chocolate

Made at the oldest-established
Chocolate Manufactory in
Switzerland.
The Largest Sale in the World.
Sole Agents for the United Kingdom:
ELLIS & CO.,
29 Sir Thomas St., Liverpool,
11 New Lane, London, E.C.

Drink
OXO
"Smoking hot."

Liebig Company's
Fluid Beef.

HAVE YOU TRIED
KEATING'S LOZENGES
FOR YOUR COUGH?

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU "there is
no better Cough Medicine." One gives
relief; if you suffer from cough try them
but once; they will cure, and they will
not injure your health; an increasing
number of over 50 years is a certain test of their
value. Sold in 1/4d. tin.

TOOLS

FOR ALL
TRADES. 5/- PER
MONTH



**J. G. Graves' '2-Guinea' Set
of Joiners' Tools in Bass.**

comprising the following high-class tools: 28'
Sawed and Hollow Back Hand Saw; 21'
Tongue Saw; 21' Best Bech Smooth Plane
fitted with double iron; 21' Best Bech
Jack Plane (fitted with best brass nut, double
iron); American Pattern Brass and Set of 4
Black Bits; 2 foot 2 fold Bevelled Edge
Boxwood Rule; Small Axe; 6 Bech
Handled, best Cast Steel Firmers Chisels;
3 Bech Handled Cast Steel Gouges;
Joiners' Hammer; Rosewood Brass-plated
6" Square; Marking Awl; Spokesbaver; 3
Gimlets; 3 Bradaws; 3 Files; Mallet; Turn-
screw; Brad-punch; Glue Pot and Punch.
Set. 2s. 6d. complete.

HOW TO PAY...
1st way. Send 5s. to start with, and com-
plete the purchase in seven more payments of
5s. and one of 2s.
2nd way. Send 5s. to start with, and, after
examining the goods, complete the purchase in
one payment of 37s. and J. G. Graves will for-
ward a Splendid Fast Cutting Oilstone in a
polished pine case as discount. If you are not
satisfied with the tools, return them, and your
deposit will be returned.

Send for J. G. Graves' illustrated Catalogue,
post free. Any class of tools may be obtained
on the easy purchase system by monthly
payments.
Young men who can introduce customers
should write for agency terms.

**J. G. GRAVES, Tool Warehouse,
Dept. 72 Division St., SHEFFIELD.**

FREE CURE FOR MEN

Send Name and Address To-day—
You Can Have It Free and be
Strong and Happy for Life.

How any man may quickly cure himself
after years of suffering from nervous weak-
ness, lost vitality, varicose, kidney disease,
insomnia, &c. Simply send your name and
address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 241, Hull Bldg.,



L. W. KNAPP, M.D.

Detroit, Mich., U.S.A., and he will gladly
send the recipe free with full directions so
that any man may easily cure himself at home.
This is certainly a most generous offer, and the
following extracts taken from his daily mail
show what men think of his generosity.

"Dear Sir,—Please accept my sincere thanks
for yours of recent date. I have given your
treatment a thorough test and the benefit has
been extraordinary. It has completely braced
me up and you cannot realise how happy I am."

"Dear Sir,—Your method worked beauti-
fully. Results were exactly what I needed."

"Dear Sir,—Yours was received and I had no
trouble in making use of the recipe as directed
and can truthfully say it has been a boon to me."

All correspondence is strictly confidential,
mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The recipe
is free for the asking, and he wants every
man to have it.

Remember a letter to us from British Isles
requires 2d. postage. Write your name and
address very plain, or, better still, enclose a
self-addressed envelope, so there can be no
mistake in delivery.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

21s Direct from the Loom, Carriage Paid 21s
POPULAR PARCEL. 21s
SPECIAL ADVANTAGE—All Curtains
Same Pattern. LOT No. 347—Containing: 1 pair
Cord. long, 2yd. wide, best quality Curtains for Draw-
ing-room; 1 pair 2yd. long, 60in. wide, Dining-room
Curtains; 1 pair 2yd. long, 60in. wide, for Bedroom;
1 length 6yd. Curtains; 1 length 6yd. Curtains;
art shade. Here sent if desired. Satisfaction guaran-
teed. GIVEN AWAY with each Parcel, 1 Lace
Cover for Toilet Table, fringed, one 60in. long with
1 smaller. 100 Price List (post free) of Lace Curtains,
Madras Muslin, Lace-edged Roller Blinds in every
variety. Also Hosiery, "Stand Hard Wear," factory
prices. Price Media—Chicago, Toronto, Est. 1867.
S. Peach & Sons, Lister Gate, Nottingham

"Why, here it is! Just what we are
looking for."
JOHN THRIDGOULD & CO'S



EVERY READER CAN SHARE IN THIS—OUR ANNUAL FREE DISTRIBUTION.

1/- CHRISTMAS CARDS & NOVELTIES 1/-
Never before has such a Shillingsworth been offered.
Nothing Frettier or Better could be wished for.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

You get the whole of the following Splendid Assortment:—

A most charming selection of EIGHTEEN
Christmas and New Year Cards.—Six-
teen of which are most choice folding
designs, to the value of 2d., 3d., and 4d.
each, including
**Choice Jewelled Folding and Trifold
Cards.**—The majority are from the works
of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons.
Given under Hand and Seal.—A old-
time Autograph Card.
London by Night and Day.—Very pretty
illuminous effects when held to the light.
Mechanical Novelty.—Clever Venetian
changes, illustrating three favourite Fairy
Tales at a glance.

In all, Twenty Presents, a fascinating assortment that, if bought in the ordinary way, would
cost at least FIVE SHILLINGS.

The whole of the above will be sent on receipt of P.O. for 1s. and 2 stamps to defray
postage, or two differently assorted Parcels, P.O. 2s., and 3d. for Parcel Post.

Shopkeepers should send for Wholesale Catalogue and Samples of Christmas Cards
and Novelties, &c., post free 3 stamps. **Cheapest House in London.**

JOHN THRIDGOULD & CO.,

18 & 20 Sidney Street, Commercial Road, London, E. Established 1851.

6,000 SOLID SILVER WATCHES FREE

FOR BRIGHT AND BRAINY PEOPLE.

12	15	14	4	15	14
7	12	1	19	7	15
2	5	12	6	1	19
					20

Each one of the above three lines of figures spells
the name of a great city in the United Kingdom. This
is a brand new puzzle, and can be solved, with a little
study, as follows:—There are twenty-six letters in the
alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the
names instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B
number 2, C number 3, and so on throughout the
entire alphabet. REMEMBER WE DO NOT WANT
A PENNY OF YOUR MONEY when you reply to this
advertisement. When you have made out the names
of the three cities write them very plainly on a sheet
of paper, and send to us at once. With your letter
send a stamped addressed envelope, so that we may
reply by return of post if your solution is correct.
We shall send our handsome PRESENTATION
SILVER WATCH to every Lady or Gentleman who
sends a correct solution of this puzzle, and complies
with our one condition. TRY AND WIN. We hope
you will win, but anyhow it costs you nothing to try.
Address **WORMAN & CO. (No. 40 Dept.)**, 25 Ely
Place, Holborn, London, E.C.

To become an Expert Shot read
**"SHARPSHOOTING
FOR SPORT AND WAR."**
By W. W. GREENE.
Second Edition (Revised),
Crown 8vo. 128 pp. 50 illus-
trations. Price 1s. of all
Booksellers; or of the Author,
1/2 post free. Send for Cata-
logue of Club Rifles, &c., to
**W. W. GREENE, Gunmaker, St. Mark's
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**A CURE THAT
NEVER FAILS**
A really reliable and
quick Cure for all
forms of Rheumatism
and Toothache.
They are
DIRECT
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Sold by all
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Post Free from
J. JARVIS RAINY,
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**RAINNEY'S
TOOTHACHE PILLS**
NO MONEY REQUIRED.
WE TRUST YOU.
We give you your choice
of either of these hand-
some presents for selling
NINE articles of Jewel-
lery at 1s. each (Regular
Price 2s.).
We do not want
your money.
Just send us a stamp-
ed addressed envelope
and say that you will
either sell the jewellery
or return it to us if you
fail to sell it. On re-
ceiving your letter we
will at once post you
the jewellery.
When sold send us the
15s you have received for
same and we will at once
send you ABSOLUTELY
FREE our 23 10s. Real
Silver Ring with Chain,
or the Gold Ring, which
ever you desire.
A WRITTEN
GUARANTEE for TEN years sent with each watch.
You can sell our Jewellery in a few minutes; at
1s. each article. We have thousands of testimonials
as to the quality and value both of our Jewellery
and Presents. Send no money. Write to-day.
BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE
(Dept. 43), 22 CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
HAND CAMERAS.—The "SWALLOW,"
carrying 12 Plates, 4 1/2 by 3 1/2, 21/-.
The "SUPERIOR SWALLOW," with Iris
Diaphragms and Pneumatic Release, carry-
ing 12 Plates, 4 1/2 by 3 1/2, 35/-.
The "BEST SWALLOW," with R.R. Lens
and Focusing Arrangement, carrying 12
Plates, 4 1/2 by 3 1/2, 80/-.

WORMAN & CO., 25 ELY PLACE, LONDON, W.

REAL GOLD-FRONTED BROOCH

1/6
Post Free

This is only one of the many Novelties to be seen in
our **SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED CATA-
LOGUE**, 228 pages and over 2,500 illustrations, sent
post free to all applicants.

PAIN KEEPER, Wholesale Jewellers, HASTINGS.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

(Really genuine). In patent air-tight tins. 4lb. 1/6
1lb. 2/4; 2lb. 4/-, including tin and postage.
Mrs. CONTERS, Merchant Bishop, Devon.

CIGARES de JOY

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE

ASTHMA

WHEEZING & CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.
50 years success 2/6 Box 35.
WILCOX, 49 HAYMARKET, S.W.
— AND ALL CHEMISTS.

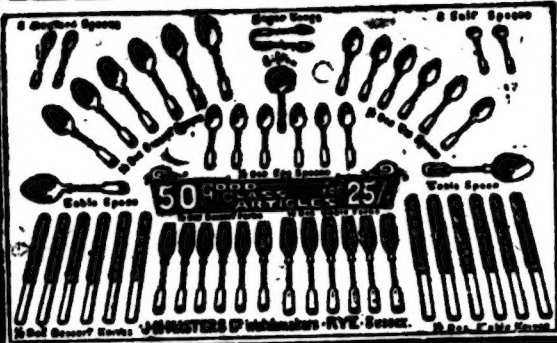
No. 522.

'Xmas Gifts.

The current issue of "The White
House Budget" is rich in suggestion
and resource. Please write for free
copy. Describes, quotes, and in some
cases illustrates genuine Irish pro-
ductions obtained by us from the
peasants, and offered without inter-
mediate profit and expense, compris-
ing:—
Homespun, Irish Linen,
Tweeds, Irish Poplins,
Irish Lace, Irish Bog Oak,
Irish Hand-knitted Hosiery,
Bellevue Ware or Irish Porcelain,
Connemara Marble Novelties.
Guaranteed genuine. Make choice
and uncommon gifts. Money re-
funded on unsatisfactory
purchases. Carriage paid
on all parcels.

The White House,
Desk 46,
Depot for Irish
Peasant Industries,
Portrush, Ireland.

A FREE TRIAL FOR 2/6

50
FULL SIZE
TABLE
REQUISITES
FOR
25/-
(23/- CASH)

HACH PARCEL
CONTAINS
50 ARTICLES—
6 Table Knives 2/6
6 Dessert do. 2/6
6 Table Forks 2/6
6 Dessert Forks 2/6
2 Table Spoons 1/6
6 Dessert do. 2/6
6 Tea Spoons 2/6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs 1/-
1 Sugar Sifter 1/6
6 Egg Spoons 1/6
2 Salt Spoons 1/-
2 Mustard Spoons 1/-
50 GOOD ENOUGH
FOR A
GENTLEMAN'S
TABLE.

READ THIS.

Grimsby House,
Brackenbore Road,
South Line,
August 27th, 1900.
Dear Sirs,—I re-
ceived the parcel of
cutlery, and was
very pleased indeed
with it, and very
good value for the
money; it is really
surprising how you
can do it for the
price. Thank you
for your prompt
attention.
I remain,
Yours sincerely,
G. S. WRIGHT.

Readers of Pearson's Weekly can have one of these parcels of Cutlery on
monthly payments as follows:

YOU send us 2/6 with your name and address, and we will send you
one on approval.

IF you approve of it, you send us 2/6 more on receipt, and 5/- each
month for four months, making the full 25/- BUT

OUR-NETT-CASH-WITH-ORDER-PRICE
is 23/- only.

If parcel is not approved of, we will refund cash sent if cutlery is
returned within seven days.

J. N. MASTERS LTD., CUTLERS, RYE, SUSSEX.

PRIVATE. No
one else going into
a shop to buy an
article of
"WEDDING"
or "PRESENT"
you can
get one FREE
from us by post in a
few hours. Write for
our CATALOGUE
(Illustrations)
and RING SIZE
CARD FREE.
Address—
**J. N. Masters Ltd.
RYE.**

Thinking about Christmas!!

Why not a

Gramophone

This style

Price complete, with Brass Horn.

£5 10 0 Nett Cash.

RECORDS, extra, 2s. 6d. each, nett cash.

Other Styles, £2 2s., £3 3s., £4 4s.,
£5 10s., £6 10s., £7 10s., £10.

A GRAMOPHONE makes a capital present. Welcome everywhere and
by everybody. Endless amusement for the festive season. Pleases your family
and friends. It more than takes the place of a piano, banjo, mandolin, or
cornet, for you hear not only one, but all these instruments, and many more, as
they are played, not by amateurs, but by the most celebrated artists. No matter
how remote your habitation, it brings within the family circle the actual voices
of orators, singers, comedians, and story-tellers, who perhaps at that very moment
are delighting Metropolitan audiences with the same eloquence, melody, humour,
and dialect that is coming from the Gramophone in the quiet of a country home
hundreds of miles away.

NO LIMIT TO SELECTIONS.

There is practically no limit, either in number, quality, variety, or freshness.
For instance, no sooner does an artist become a popular favourite than he or she
is invited to sing or play for us, into a Gramophone. As many reproductions are
possible from one such performance, we can secure the very highest talent, and
what cost us originally £20 to £100 can be sold for 2s. 6d.

GRAMOPHONES can be seen, heard, and purchased at all music shops,
fancy dealers, stores, &c., all over the country.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by the . . .

GRAMOPHONE Co. Ltd., Maiden Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

CATALOGUES FREE, WITH NAME OF OUR NEAREST AGENT.

Do not forget it amongst
your Xmas Gifts.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Discovery.

"TATCHO."

20,000 large (4/6 size) Bottles
to be distributed.



"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of
whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on
the scalp and five minutes with the brush daily works
miracles with every head of hair.

"TATCHO" acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the
hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a
bright and youthful lustre.

"When I discovered the preparation, I found that I had
hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr.
George R. Sims to the representative of the Daily Mail.

"Look at my hair now. Look at the colour. In time
people got to know. Then the trouble began.
"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and
women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the
kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and
Australia. The work of answering the letters was
enormous, and as far as possible the desired information
was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate
at which the demand was increasing I should very soon
need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair
renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this
thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the
public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the
ordinary businesslike way. So I resolved to place the
genuine article within reach of all, and with the assistance
of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary com-
mercial facilities, that has been accomplished."

The Geo. R. Sims' Company have decided
to distribute

**20,000
LARGE TRIAL BOTTLES
OF TATCHO**

to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. G. R. Sims' discovery, to have the opportunity of doing so.
The Company does this in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely
known, and will introduce it to every home in a far more satisfactory manner than through unlimited passing by
advertisement.

COUPON.
P. W.
Dec. 8, 1900.

If you are desirous of participating in this distribution, cut out
this Coupon and send it to the Geo. R. Sims' Co., 51a Great Queen
Street, London, W.C., accompanied by a postal order for 1s. 10d. You
will receive by return of post a plain package containing

**A FULL SIZE 4s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE
OF "TATCHO" POST PAID,**

which will enable you to give TATCHO a fair trial and to satisfy yourself as to
its merits.



FREE—£2 CASH PRIZE.

We make you a Present of a Lady's or Gent's 50s. SOLID SILVER WATCH and HANDSOME
CHAIN, or a 60s. SOLID GOLD RING Set with REAL DIAMONDS and other Stones, for Selling 9
Articles of Jewellery at 1s. 6d. each. (Worth 2s. 6d.)

WE TRUST YOU. SEND NO MONEY.

Simply Send a Stamped Addressed Envelope, and say you will either Sell the Jewellery or return it to
us. On receiving your letter we will at once post you the Jewellery. When sold, send us the 15s. 6d.
received for same, and we will at once send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, either of the above Valuable
Presents. (A written guarantee for 10 years accompanies the Watch and Chain.) Please Note.—We have
no further claim on you after you receive the Watch and Chain or Gold Ring, and you are at liberty to Sell
these Presents if you Wish. The Party Selling the 9 Articles in the Shortest Time is Entitled to 2
Sovereigns besides his other Present.

SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

Write to-day. We Send Goods To-morrow. If you are unable to Sell the Goods, we will make you a
Handsome Present for your trouble.

ENGLISH LEVER WATCH COMPANY, P. Dept., 55 Bath Street, GLASGOW.

5,000 SOLID SILVER WATCHES (WITH CHAINS) GIVEN AWAY

READ. READ. READ.

To introduce our Marata Gold and Diamond
Jewellery we make the following unparalleled and
startling offer. To every reader of this Paper who
carries out the slight advertising conditions which we
impose (WHICH NEED NOT INVOLVE YOU IN ONE
PENNY EXPENSE), we undertake to present one of our
(list price 50/-) Solid Silver Watches (lady's or gent's)
with Chain.

CONDITIONS.

1. Send postal order for 1/6 and stamped addressed
envelope (specimen of the magnificent Marata Gold
Jewellery, earring, pin, curb bracelet, links, or brooch),
18-CARAT GOLD PATTERN, all listed by us at 1/- each article,
and equal in appearance to jewellery
costing three times the price.

2. STATE HOW MANY FRIENDS YOU
THINK YOU CAN SHOW THE WATCH
AND CHAIN TO.

3. Carry out the slight conditions
we send you (which as before
stated need not involve you in any
cost, as even if you are not desirous
of keeping the article of jewellery
we send you, you should have no
difficulty in disposing of it at more
than the 1/6 it cost you) and we will
immediately forward Watch and
Chain.

4. State whether you desire Lady's
or Gent's Watch.

How is?
it done?

This is undoubtedly the most extraordinary offer that has ever been made in the annals of the
Jewellery Trade, but we consider it cheaper in the end to pay the British Public with
handsome gifts mentioned, and thus secure their co-operation in making our goods known
than pay enormous sums in advertising.

N.B.—If all the Watches have been given away, your money will be returned you with a Free Gift for your
trouble. Address—

**MARATA JEWELLERY CO. (Dept. K), 84 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD
LONDON, E.C.**

DAILY

EXPRESS.

KAPUTINE THE SAFE

REMEDY FOR HEADACHE

Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 2/- per packet of 12 doses. Send stamp
envelope for Free Sample. **KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.**

NESTLE'S MILK

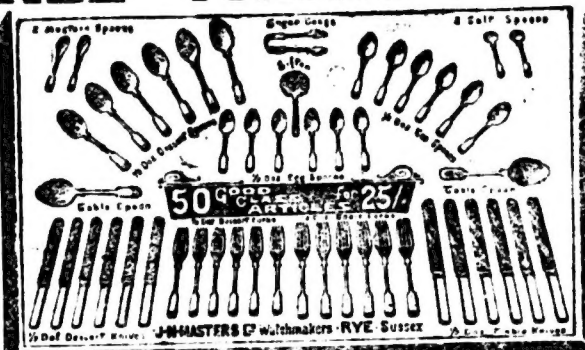
ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE
THE
RICHEST IN CREAM.

USED THE SAME AS FRESH MILK FOR ALL PURPOSES

Babies Children, Breakfast, Tea, Puddings, Shakes, Invalids, &c., &c.

A FREE TRIAL FOR 2/6

50
FULL SIZE
TABLE
REQUISITES
FOR
25/-
(23 - CASH)



EACH PARCEL
CONTAINS
50 ARTICLES—
6 Table Knives 3/6
6 Dessert do. 3/-
6 Table Forks 5/3
6 Dessert Forks 3/3
2 Table Spoons 1/9
6 Dessert do. 3/9
6 Tea Spoons 2/0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs 1/-
1 Sugar Sifter 1/6
6 Egg Spoons 1/6
2 Salt Spoons 1/-
2 Mustard Spoons 1/-
50 GOOD ENOUGH
FOR A
GENTLEMAN'S
TABLE.

READ THIS.

Gentlemen, please,
Bread and Butter,
South of the River,
and all the rest,
the 25/- set of
cutlery, which was
very recently
with a new set of
gold and silver
good value for the
money, is now
surplus to the
requirements of the
household, and the
price is reduced to
23/- cash.
Yours faithfully,
J. N. MASTERS LTD.

Readers of Pearson's Weekly can have one of these parcels of Cutlery on monthly payments as follows:

YOU send us 2/6 with your name and address, and we will send you one on approval.

IF you approve of it, you send us 2/6 more on receipt, and 5/- each month for four months, making the full 25/- BUT

OUR—NETT—CASH—WITH—ORDER—PRICE
is 23/- only.

If parcel is not approved of, we will refund cash sent if cutlery is returned within seven days.

J. N. MASTERS LTD., CUTLERS, RYE, SUSSEX.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Discovery.

"TATCHO."



20,000 large (4/6 size) Bottles
to be distributed.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp and five minutes with the brush daily works marvels with every head of hair.

"TATCHO" acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

"When I discovered the preparation, I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the representative of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour. In time people got to know. Then the trouble began."

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair-renewer department of correspondence."

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COUPON.
P. W.
Dec. 9, 1900.

If you are desirous of participating in this distribution, cut out this Coupon and send it to the Geo. R. Sims' Co., 81a Great Queen Street, London, W.C., accompanied by a postal order for 1s. 6d. You will receive by return of post a plain package containing

A FULL SIZE 4s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE
OF "TATCHO" POST PAID,

which will enable you to give TATCHO a fair trial and to satisfy yourself as to its merits.



FREE—£2 CASH PRIZE.

We make you a Present of a Lady's or Gent's 50s. SOLID SILVER WATCH and HANDSOME CHAIN, or a 50s. SOLID GOLD RING Set with REAL DIAMONDS and other Stones, for Selling 9 Articles of Jewellery at 1s. 6d. each. (Worth 2s. 6d.).

WE TRUST YOU. SEND NO MONEY.

Simply Send a Stamped Addressed Envelope, and say you will either Sell the Jewellery or return it to us. On receiving your letter we will at once post you the Jewellery. When sold, send us the 13s. 6d. received for same, and we will at once send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, either of the above Valuable Presents. (A written guarantee for 10 years accompanies the Watch and Chain.) Please Note.—We have no further claim on you after you receive the Watch and Chain or Gold Ring, and you are at liberty to Sell these Presents if you Wish. The Party Selling the 9 Articles in the Shortest Time is Entitled to 2 Sovereigns besides his other Present.

SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

Write today. We Send Goods Tomorrow. If you are unable to Sell the Goods, we will make you a Handsome Present for your trouble.

ENGLISH SILVER WATCH COMPANY, P. Dept., 55 Bath Street, GLASGOW.

Thinking about Christmas!!

Why not a

Gramophone

This style

Price complete, with Brass Horn.

£5 10 0 Nett Cash.

RECORDS, extra. 2s. 6d. each, nett cash.

Other Styles, £2 2s., £3 3s., £4 4s.,
£5 10s., £6 10s., £7 10s., £10.



A GRAMOPHONE makes a capital present. Welcome everywhere by everybody. Endless amusement for the festive season. Pleases your family and friends. It more than takes the place of a piano, banjo, mandolin, cornet, for you hear not only one, but all these instruments, and many more, they are played, not by amateurs, but by the most celebrated artists. No matter how remote your habitation, it brings within the family circle the actual voices of orators, singers, comedians, and story-tellers, who perhaps at that very moment are delighting Metropolitan audiences with the same eloquence, melody, humor, and dialect that is coming from the Gramophone in the quiet of a country house hundreds of miles away.

NO LIMIT TO SELECTIONS.

There is practically no limit, either in number, quality, variety, or freshness. For instance, no sooner does an artist become a popular favourite than he or she is invited to sing or play for us, into a Gramophone. As many reproductions as possible from one such performance, we can secure the very highest talent, and what cost us originally £20 to £100 can be sold for 2s. 6d.

GRAMOPHONES can be seen, heard, and purchased at all music shop, fancy dealers, stores, &c., all over the country.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by the . . .

GRAMOPHONE Co. Ltd., Maiden Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

CATALOGUES FREE, WITH NAME OF OUR NEAREST AGENT.

Do not forget it amongst
your Xmas Gifts.

5,000 SOLID SILVER WATCHES (WITH CHAINS) GIVEN AWAY

READ. READ. READ.

To introduce our Marata Gold and Diamond Jewellery we make the following unparalleled and startling offer. To every reader of this Paper who carries out the slight advertising conditions which we impose (WHICH NEED NOT INVOLVE YOU IN ONE PENNY EXPENSE), we undertake to present one of our (list price 50/-) Solid Silver Watches (lady's or gent's) with Chain.

CONDITIONS.

1. Send postal order for 1/6 and stamped addressed envelope (with return of the magnificent Marata Gold Jewellery, e.g., pin, curb bracelet, links, or brooch), 15-CARAT GOLD PATTERS, all listed by us at 5/- each article, and equal in appearance to jewellery costing three times the price.

2. STATE HOW MANY FRIENDS YOU THINK YOU CAN SHOW THE WATCH AND CHAIN TO.

3. Carry out the slight conditions we send you (which as before stated need not involve you in any cost, as even if you are not desirous of keeping the article of jewellery we send you, you should have no difficulty in disposing of it at more than the 1/6 it cost you) and we will immediately forward Watch and Chain.

4. State whether you desire Lady's or Gent's Watch.

How is it done?

This is undoubtedly the most extraordinary offer that has ever been made in the Jewellery Trade, but we consider it cheaper in the end to pay the British Public than pay enormous sums in advertising.

N.B.—If all the Watches have been given away, your money will be returned you with a Free Gift for trouble. Address—

MARATA JEWELLERY CO. (Dept. K), 84 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD LONDON, E.C.

DAILY EXPRESS.

KAPUTINE THE SAFE HEADACHE REMEDY FOR

Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 18 doses. Send stamp envelope for Free Sample. **KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.**

NESTLE'S MILK

ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE
THE
RICHEST IN CREAM.

USED THE SAME AS FRESH MILK FOR ALL PURPOSES

Babies Children, Breakfast, Tea, Puddings, Shakes, Invalids, &c., &c.



NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE on OGDEN'S 'Guinea-Gold' Cigarettes.

AGENTS WANTED

For the Sale of First-class Fountain Pens.

Special Terms to Reliable Agents.

THE STAR Stationery Co. Ltd.,
25, Cannon St., Chancery Lane,
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STRING, BRASS,
WOOD-WIND,
MUSICAL BOXES,
POLYPHONS,
PHONOGRAPHS,
ACCORDIONS, &c.
Exceptional Value.

From
4/- PER MONTH.
OR FOR CASH.
Carriage Paid.

Catalogues Free.

DOUGLAS & CO.,
7 South Street, London, E.C.
St. Moorgate, Broad St., and Liverpool St. Stations

NOSE

Wintry weather makes Red
Noses, I cure them. Send 1/-
for my book on "Their Cause
and Prevention," or 3/- for
medically approved cure.
Particulars of my Patent Nose
Improver and Ear Machine sent for 4 amp. P. LEE

OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT.

Have you any old false teeth by you?
Why not turn them into Money?
R. D. & J. B. Fraser, of Princes
Street, Ipswich (Est'd. 1833), buy
old false teeth. If you send your
teeth to them they will remit you
by return of post the utmost value;
or, if preferred, they will make you
the best offer, and hold the teeth
over for your reply. If reference
necessary, apply to Messrs. Bacon
and Co., Bankers, Ipswich.

**IF YOU LOST
A SOVEREIGN**

You would worry about it! Yet you ARE LOSING
FOUND by purchasing from retail shops when you
can deal with wholesale houses, which does not seem
to trouble you!

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE
and you will see what we mean.

FOR EVERY SHILLING

you send to us, we refund you 2d., or you may deduct
when sending, making 3d. 4d. in every pound.

THAT IS WHERE YOU SAVE.

2,000 beautiful engravings of
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, LEATHER GOODS, CUTLERY,
JEWELLERY,
of every description, Optical Goods, Musical Instru-
ments, &c., &c.

YOU SEND A POST-CARD!
WE SEND CATALOGUE!

G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.,
121 to 125 BRISTOL ST., BIRMINGHAM.

106 ALLEN FOSTER & Co. 106

COSTUMES & MANTLES.

BUY DIRECT BY PARCEL POST FROM THE LEADING FIRM OF LONDON MANUFACTURERS

Design No. 257. 10s. 6d. A Costume any Lady can wear.
An attractive Costume with a tight-fitting bodice, full-pleated front, with
patty lapels trimmed with two rows of bead trim, collar and sleeves trimmed
to match. Made in our **Specialty Serge** and **Venetian Cloth**.
Colors: Black, Navy, Grey, Light and Dark Fawn, Brown, Green, Royal
Blue, Purple, Blue Grey, &c. Good fit guaranteed. Price only 10s. 6d., carriage
paid at extra. Skirt alone, 5s. 6d.; carriage 3d. In sending order, please give
best measurement under arms, size of waist, and length of skirt in front.

Design No. 2131. Half a Guinea. The
Fashionable three-quarter Sack Jacket.
30in. long. Made in the renowned
"Alfresco" Beaver Cloth, in
Black Fawn, Brown, and Royal
Blue. This Jacket has a Chesterfield
front with the new side pockets.
Price only 10s. 6d., carriage 6d.
The greatest value on
the Market. Send for one.
All sizes in stock. In sending
order, give best measurement
under arms. Money returned
if not approved.

Send Post-card for
Pattern New Sketch
Book for Winter, and
Catalogue of Bargains
Post Free.

Ladies are invited to call
and inspect goods at
our New Showrooms:
47 Golden Lane, E.C.
Business Hours:
9 a.m. to 7 p.m.
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Design No. 323. 6s. 6d. The New and Fashionable
Costume Skirt. This Skirt has proved an immense success. It
is made in all the colours of the two splendid wearing fabrics—the
Specialty Serge and the **Venetian Cloth**. All sizes in stock.
This Skirt is cut in the new circular shape, and has a full, flared
round bottom, which is lined with good muslinette.
A BARGAIN for 6s. 6d.; carriage paid, 3d. extra. SEND FOR
ONE. PATTERNS FREE.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London
Manufacturers, 47 GOLDEN LANE, BARRICKAN, LONDON, E.C.

IN LIQUIDATION—MARCUS WARD & CO. LTD.

Their Immense Stock of Beautiful High Glass

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

Assorted Packets as follows:

2s. Packet for 6d.; 4s. for 1s.; 8s. Perfumed Boxes of
Cards for 2s. 6d.; 5s. Packet of Birth Day Cards for 1s.;
6s. Packet of Scriptural Texts for 1s. 9d.

Postal Orders to WESSITT & CO., 53 DONEGALL ST., BELFAST.

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of every description direct from
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LIST A for Brass, Military and
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Harpiums.

Catalogue sent post free on
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JOSEPH RILEY & SONS,
Constitution Hill, Birmingham.
Best and Cheapest House in the Trade

EVERY YOUNG MAN

can positively and speedily grow a Heavy,
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Hair-growing specific, success guaranteed.
Testimonials daily. Post free 1/3, 2/6, 4/6.
W. DE CASTRO & CO., 16 Tottenham Court Road, London

RUPTURE

Gentlemen (cured himself) will send free
particulars of inexpensive self-curable
treatment. Stamped address.—(Box 25), 59
Castle Street, Carlisle.

A PAIR OF WINTER BOOTS GIVEN

to buyers of our Blue Beaver (with Velvet Collar) or Frieze
Overcoat if the order is accompanied by remittance of 25/-
and received during November and December. The Cloth
employed is the very best of its kind, and the Coat will be
to measurements supplied by the Customer. Present heavy
stocks of cloth must be turned into money at once. Send
Coat and Boot measurements and 25/- to **WHOLESALE**
MANUFACTURERS' COMPANY, 12 Holborn Chambers,
Broad Street Corner, BIRMINGHAM.

MONEY RETURNED IF COATS NOT APPROVED ON RECEIPT.

**EMBRACE
THIS
OPPORTUNITY**

A Post-card sent to address at
foot will bring you a
HANDSOME ALBUM
FREE AND POST PAID.

The 200 pages of this surprise-exciting **FREE**
GIFT glow with an enthralling succession of pre-
sent, profitable fact, and fancies in the shape of 2,000
pictures and descriptions of **H. Samuel's Bargains**
in Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery,
Diamonds, Plate, Clocks, Cutlery, etc., etc., all
at Wholesale Prices. Nearly fifty per cent. saved.

**SUGGESTIONS FOR
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**

were never more abundantly preferred than they are in
H. SAMUEL'S BARGAIN BOOK.
Full particulars are enclosed of **H. SAMUEL'S**
GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF BONUS GIFTS
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Beware of the Pernicious Instalment
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H. SAMUEL'S CASH SYSTEM
which ensures you receiving fullest possible
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A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED
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H. Samuel's Famous "Acme" Patent Lever
(as illustrated), in solid **sterling Silver**
Cases, fine three-quarter-plate movement, extra
jewelled, fitted with damp-and-dust-tight Cap
and **H. SAMUEL'S** Special Improvements pro-
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Warranted for 5 Years. **H. SAMUEL'S** price, 25/-

H. SAMUEL (Dept. D), 95, 97, 99, 101, 33,
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**NOW
READY.**

**A
Picture
Gallery
for a
Shilling!**

Pears' Annual, 1900.

This Year contains a **STIRRING Christmas Story** by **Max Pemberton**,

"Love the Harvester"

With **22 Illustrations** by **Frank Dadd, R.I.**

WITH THE ABOVE ARE

3 LARGE PRESENTATION PLATES

Fit for any Drawing Room.

THE BRITISH LION.

By VASTAGH.

Size 28½ inches x 10½ inches. Printed in 19 Colours.

BEWARE!

By J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

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Printed in the best and most Artistic Style of the Chromo-Lithographic Art. As the whole Edition is always sold within a few days of publication, early application to the Booksellers is necessary to secure a copy of this artistic and marvellous production.

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For all

Cuts, Bruises, Scratches, Burns,
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Sore Places

Every father, mother, athlete,
traveller, physician, surgeon,
and nurse should

try

the famous Oriental Home-
salve and Healer, that "Touches
the Spot" and soothes the
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Of all Chemists, 1/11 and 2/9 per Box.

Post Free from HOMOCEA LTD., 98 Strand, London, W.C.

To readers of Pearson's Weekly, 8/12/1900, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamp value (Eggs), we will send you the Largest Genuine **Reversible Carpet** in Brussels Finish, with Rug, ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address, on receipt of amount. Suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember, these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

Special Offer—2 Carpets and 2 Rugs, 8s.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUE of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., Post Free 1/6, when writing, you mention "Pearson's Weekly," 8/12/1900.

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

ADMITTEDLY THE MARVEL OF THE AGE.

Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey patterns and colourings, superior quality, with handsome border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of real Brussels, and except by the closest scrutiny the difference cannot be detected.

Size.	Each.	Reduced Sale Price.	Size.	Each.
6 ft. by 9 ft.	2/11	9 ft. by 12 ft.	5/0	12 ft. by 15 ft.
6 ft. by 12 ft.	3/6	9 ft. by 15 ft.	5/6	12 ft. by 18 ft.
6 ft. by 15 ft.	4/6	9 ft. by 18 ft.	6/6	12 ft. by 21 ft.
7 ft. by 9 ft.	3/11	9 ft. by 21 ft.	7/6	12 ft. by 24 ft.
7 ft. by 12 ft.	4/11	9 ft. by 24 ft.	8/6	12 ft. by 27 ft.
7 ft. by 15 ft.	5/11	9 ft. by 27 ft.	9/6	12 ft. by 30 ft.
7 ft. by 18 ft.	6/11	9 ft. by 30 ft.	10/6	12 ft. by 33 ft.
7 ft. by 21 ft.	7/11	9 ft. by 33 ft.	11/6	12 ft. by 36 ft.
7 ft. by 24 ft.	8/11	9 ft. by 36 ft.	12/6	12 ft. by 39 ft.
7 ft. by 27 ft.	9/11	9 ft. by 39 ft.	13/6	12 ft. by 42 ft.
7 ft. by 30 ft.	10/11	9 ft. by 42 ft.	14/6	12 ft. by 45 ft.
7 ft. by 33 ft.	11/11	9 ft. by 45 ft.	15/6	12 ft. by 48 ft.
7 ft. by 36 ft.	12/11	9 ft. by 48 ft.	16/6	12 ft. by 51 ft.
7 ft. by 39 ft.	13/11	9 ft. by 51 ft.	17/6	12 ft. by 54 ft.
7 ft. by 42 ft.	14/11	9 ft. by 54 ft.	18/6	12 ft. by 57 ft.
7 ft. by 45 ft.	15/11	9 ft. by 57 ft.	19/6	12 ft. by 60 ft.
7 ft. by 48 ft.	16/11	9 ft. by 60 ft.	20/6	12 ft. by 63 ft.
7 ft. by 51 ft.	17/11	9 ft. by 63 ft.	21/6	12 ft. by 66 ft.
7 ft. by 54 ft.	18/11	9 ft. by 66 ft.	22/6	12 ft. by 69 ft.
7 ft. by 57 ft.	19/11	9 ft. by 69 ft.	23/6	12 ft. by 72 ft.
7 ft. by 60 ft.	20/11	9 ft. by 72 ft.	24/6	12 ft. by 75 ft.
7 ft. by 63 ft.	21/11	9 ft. by 75 ft.	25/6	12 ft. by 78 ft.
7 ft. by 66 ft.	22/11	9 ft. by 78 ft.	26/6	12 ft. by 81 ft.
7 ft. by 69 ft.	23/11	9 ft. by 81 ft.	27/6	12 ft. by 84 ft.
7 ft. by 72 ft.	24/11	9 ft. by 84 ft.	28/6	12 ft. by 87 ft.
7 ft. by 75 ft.	25/11	9 ft. by 87 ft.	29/6	12 ft. by 90 ft.
7 ft. by 78 ft.	26/11	9 ft. by 90 ft.	30/6	12 ft. by 93 ft.
7 ft. by 81 ft.	27/11	9 ft. by 93 ft.	31/6	12 ft. by 96 ft.
7 ft. by 84 ft.	28/11	9 ft. by 96 ft.	32/6	12 ft. by 99 ft.
7 ft. by 87 ft.	29/11	9 ft. by 99 ft.	33/6	12 ft. by 102 ft.
7 ft. by 90 ft.	30/11	9 ft. by 102 ft.	34/6	12 ft. by 105 ft.
7 ft. by 93 ft.	31/11	9 ft. by 105 ft.	35/6	12 ft. by 108 ft.
7 ft. by 96 ft.	32/11	9 ft. by 108 ft.	36/6	12 ft. by 111 ft.
7 ft. by 99 ft.	33/11	9 ft. by 111 ft.	37/6	12 ft. by 114 ft.
7 ft. by 102 ft.	34/11	9 ft. by 114 ft.	38/6	12 ft. by 117 ft.
7 ft. by 105 ft.	35/11	9 ft. by 117 ft.	39/6	12 ft. by 120 ft.
7 ft. by 108 ft.	36/11	9 ft. by 120 ft.	40/6	12 ft. by 123 ft.
7 ft. by 111 ft.	37/11	9 ft. by 123 ft.	41/6	12 ft. by 126 ft.
7 ft. by 114 ft.	38/11	9 ft. by 126 ft.	42/6	12 ft. by 129 ft.
7 ft. by 117 ft.	39/11	9 ft. by 129 ft.	43/6	12 ft. by 132 ft.
7 ft. by 120 ft.	40/11	9 ft. by 132 ft.	44/6	12 ft. by 135 ft.
7 ft. by 123 ft.	41/11	9 ft. by 135 ft.	45/6	12 ft. by 138 ft.
7 ft. by 126 ft.	42/11	9 ft. by 138 ft.	46/6	12 ft. by 141 ft.
7 ft. by 129 ft.	43/11	9 ft. by 141 ft.	47/6	12 ft. by 144 ft.
7 ft. by 132 ft.	44/11	9 ft. by 144 ft.	48/6	12 ft. by 147 ft.
7 ft. by 135 ft.	45/11	9 ft. by 147 ft.	49/6	12 ft. by 150 ft.
7 ft. by 138 ft.	46/11	9 ft. by 150 ft.	50/6	12 ft. by 153 ft.
7 ft. by 141 ft.	47/11	9 ft. by 153 ft.	51/6	12 ft. by 156 ft.
7 ft. by 144 ft.	48/11	9 ft. by 156 ft.	52/6	12 ft. by 159 ft.
7 ft. by 147 ft.	49/11	9 ft. by 159 ft.	53/6	12 ft. by 162 ft.
7 ft. by 150 ft.	50/11	9 ft. by 162 ft.	54/6	12 ft. by 165 ft.
7 ft. by 153 ft.	51/11	9 ft. by 165 ft.	55/6	12 ft. by 168 ft.
7 ft. by 156 ft.	52/11	9 ft. by 168 ft.	56/6	12 ft. by 171 ft.
7 ft. by 159 ft.	53/11	9 ft. by 171 ft.	57/6	12 ft. by 174 ft.
7 ft. by 162 ft.	54/11	9 ft. by 174 ft.	58/6	12 ft. by 177 ft.
7 ft. by 165 ft.	55/11	9 ft. by 177 ft.	59/6	12 ft. by 180 ft.
7 ft. by 168 ft.	56/11	9 ft. by 180 ft.	60/6	12 ft. by 183 ft.
7 ft. by 171 ft.	57/11	9 ft. by 183 ft.	61/6	12 ft. by 186 ft.
7 ft. by 174 ft.	58/11	9 ft. by 186 ft.	62/6	12 ft. by 189 ft.
7 ft. by 177 ft.	59/11	9 ft. by 189 ft.	63/6	12 ft. by 192 ft.
7 ft. by 180 ft.	60/11	9 ft. by 192 ft.	64/6	12 ft. by 195 ft.
7 ft. by 183 ft.	61/11	9 ft. by 195 ft.	65/6	12 ft. by 198 ft.
7 ft. by 186 ft.	62/11	9 ft. by 198 ft.	66/6	12 ft. by 201 ft.
7 ft. by 189 ft.	63/11	9 ft. by 201 ft.	67/6	12 ft. by 204 ft.
7 ft. by 192 ft.	64/11	9 ft. by 204 ft.	68/6	12 ft. by 207 ft.
7 ft. by 195 ft.	65/11	9 ft. by 207 ft.	69/6	12 ft. by 210 ft.
7 ft. by 198 ft.	66/11	9 ft. by 210 ft.	70/6	12 ft. by 213 ft.
7 ft. by 201 ft.	67/11	9 ft. by 213 ft.	71/6	12 ft. by 216 ft.
7 ft. by 204 ft.	68/11	9 ft. by 216 ft.	72/6	12 ft. by 219 ft.
7 ft. by 207 ft.	69/11	9 ft. by 219 ft.	73/6	12 ft. by 222 ft.
7 ft. by 210 ft.	70/11	9 ft. by 222 ft.	74/6	12 ft. by 225 ft.
7 ft. by 213 ft.	71/11	9 ft. by 225 ft.	75/6	12 ft. by 228 ft.
7 ft. by 216 ft.	72/11	9 ft. by 228 ft.	76/6	12 ft. by 231 ft.
7 ft. by 219 ft.	73/11	9 ft. by 231 ft.	77/6	12 ft. by 234 ft.
7 ft. by 222 ft.	74/11	9 ft. by 234 ft.	78/6	12 ft. by 237 ft.
7 ft. by 225 ft.	75/11	9 ft. by 237 ft.	79/6	12 ft. by 240 ft.
7 ft. by 228 ft.	76/11	9 ft. by 240 ft.	80/6	12 ft. by 243 ft.
7 ft. by 231 ft.	77/11	9 ft. by 243 ft.	81/6	12 ft. by 246 ft.
7 ft. by 234 ft.	78/11	9 ft. by 246 ft.	82/6	12 ft. by 249 ft.
7 ft. by 237 ft.	79/11	9 ft. by 249 ft.	83/6	12 ft. by 252 ft.
7 ft. by 240 ft.	80/11	9 ft. by 252 ft.	84/6	12 ft. by 255 ft.
7 ft. by 243 ft.	81/11	9 ft. by 255 ft.	85/6	12 ft. by 258 ft.
7 ft. by 246 ft.	82/11	9 ft. by 258 ft.	86/6	12 ft. by 261 ft.
7 ft. by 249 ft.	83/11	9 ft. by 261 ft.	87/6	12 ft. by 264 ft.
7 ft. by 252 ft.	84/11	9 ft. by 264 ft.	88/6	12 ft. by 267 ft.
7 ft. by 255 ft.	85/11	9 ft. by 267 ft.	89/6	12 ft. by 270 ft.
7 ft. by 258 ft.	86/11	9 ft. by 270 ft.	90/6	12 ft. by 273 ft.
7 ft. by 261 ft.	87/11	9 ft. by 273 ft.	91/6	12 ft. by 276 ft.
7 ft. by 264 ft.	88/11	9 ft. by 276 ft.	92/6	12 ft. by 279 ft.
7 ft. by 267 ft.	89/11	9 ft. by 279 ft.	93/6	12 ft. by 282 ft.
7 ft. by 270 ft.	90/11	9 ft. by 282 ft.	94/6	12 ft. by 285 ft.
7 ft. by 273 ft.	91/11	9 ft. by 285 ft.	95/6	12 ft. by 288 ft.
7 ft. by 276 ft.	92/11	9 ft. by 288 ft.	96/6	12 ft. by 291 ft.
7 ft. by 279 ft.	93/11	9 ft. by 291 ft.	97/6	12 ft. by 294 ft.
7 ft. by 282 ft.	94/11	9 ft. by 294 ft.	98/6	12 ft. by 297 ft.
7 ft. by 285 ft.	95/11	9 ft. by 297 ft.	99/6	12 ft. by 300 ft.
7 ft. by 288 ft.	96/11	9 ft. by 300 ft.	100/6	12 ft. by 303 ft.
7 ft. by 291 ft.	97/11	9 ft. by 303 ft.	101/6	12 ft. by 306 ft.
7 ft. by 294 ft.	98/11	9 ft. by 306 ft.	102/6	12 ft. by 309 ft.
7 ft. by 297 ft.	99/11	9 ft. by 309 ft.	103/6	12 ft. by 312 ft.
7 ft. by 300 ft.	100/11	9 ft. by 312 ft.	104/6	12 ft. by 315 ft.
7 ft. by 303 ft.	101/11	9 ft. by 315 ft.	105/6	12 ft. by 318 ft.
7 ft. by 306 ft.	102/11	9 ft. by 318 ft.	106/6	12 ft. by 321 ft.
7 ft. by 309 ft.	103/11	9 ft. by 321 ft.	107/6	12 ft. by 324 ft.
7 ft. by 312 ft.	104/11	9 ft. by 324 ft.	108/6	12 ft. by 327 ft.
7 ft. by 315 ft.	105/11	9 ft. by 327 ft.	109/6	12 ft. by 330 ft.
7 ft. by 318 ft.	106/11	9 ft. by 330 ft.	110/6	12 ft. by 333 ft.
7 ft. by 321 ft.	107/11	9 ft. by 333 ft.	111/6	12 ft. by 336 ft.
7 ft. by 324 ft.	108/11	9 ft. by 336 ft.	112/6	12 ft. by 339 ft.
7 ft. by 327 ft.	109/11	9 ft. by 339 ft.	113/6	12 ft. by 342 ft.
7 ft. by 330 ft.	110/11	9 ft. by 342 ft.	114/6	12 ft. by 345 ft.
7 ft. by 333 ft.	111/11	9 ft. by 345 ft.	115/6	12 ft. by 348 ft.
7 ft. by 336 ft.	112/11	9 ft. by 348 ft.	116/6	12 ft. by 351 ft.
7 ft. by 339 ft.	113/11	9 ft. by 351 ft.	117/6	12 ft. by 354 ft.
7 ft. by 342 ft.	114/11	9 ft. by 354 ft.	118/6	12 ft. by 357 ft.
7 ft. by 345 ft.	115/11	9 ft. by 357 ft.	119/6	12 ft. by 360 ft.
7 ft. by 348 ft.	116/11	9 ft. by 360 ft.	120/6	12 ft. by 363 ft.
7 ft. by 351 ft.	117/11	9 ft. by 363 ft.	121/6	12 ft. by 366 ft.
7 ft. by 354 ft.	118/11	9 ft. by 366 ft.	122/6	12 ft. by 369 ft.
7 ft. by 357 ft.	119/11	9 ft. by 369 ft.	123/6	12 ft. by 372 ft.
7 ft. by 360 ft.	120/11	9 ft. by 372 ft.	124/6	12 ft. by 375 ft.
7 ft. by 363 ft.	121/11	9 ft. by 375 ft.	125/6	12 ft. by 378 ft.
7 ft. by 366 ft.	122/11	9 ft. by 378 ft.	126/6	12 ft. by 381 ft.
7 ft. by 369 ft.	123/11	9 ft. by 381 ft.	127/6	12 ft. by 384 ft.
7 ft. by 372 ft.	124/11	9 ft. by 384 ft.	128/6	12 ft. by 387 ft.
7 ft. by 375 ft.	125/11	9 ft. by 387 ft.	129/6	12 ft. by 390 ft.
7 ft. by 378 ft.	126/11	9 ft. by 390 ft.	130/6	12 ft. by 393 ft.
7 ft. by 381 ft.	127/11	9 ft. by 393 ft.	131/6	12 ft. by 396 ft.
7 ft. by 384 ft.	128/11	9 ft. by 396 ft.	132/6	12 ft. by 399 ft.
7 ft. by 387 ft.	129/11	9 ft. by 399 ft.	133/6	12 ft. by 402 ft.
7 ft. by 390 ft.	130/11	9 ft. by 402 ft.	134/6	12 ft. by 405 ft.
7 ft. by 393 ft.	131/11	9 ft. by 405 ft.	135/6	12 ft. by 408 ft.
7 ft. by 396 ft.	132/11	9 ft. by 408 ft.	136/6	12 ft. by 411 ft.
7 ft. by 399 ft.	133/11	9 ft. by 411 ft.	137/6	12 ft. by 414 ft.
7 ft. by 402 ft.	134/11	9 ft. by 414 ft.	138/6	12 ft. by 417 ft.
7 ft. by 405 ft.	135/11	9 ft. by 417 ft.	139/6	12 ft. by 420 ft.
7 ft. by 408 ft.	136/11	9 ft. by 420 ft.	140/6	12 ft. by 423 ft.
7 ft. by 411 ft.				